THE LIVING AGE.

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THE MOTHER.

She hath such quiet eyes,
That feed on all earth's wonders! She will sit
Here in the orchard and the bewildering beauty
Of blossoming boughs lulls her as day grows late
And level sunlight streameth through the tree-stems
Lying as pale gold on the green fallows, and gilding the fleeces
Of the slow-feeding sheep in the pastures.
While in her there stirs
A dream, a delight, a wonder her being knew not,
Yet now remembers, wistfully, as a thing long lost,
Sunken in dim, green, lucid sea-caves;
And her desire goeth out from her, toward God, through the twilight;
Lost, too, in the waters of his unfathomable silence,
While slow tears fill her eyes.
But the child, gazing upward,
Sees the glory of the apple-blossoms suddenly scattered,
As a bird flies through the branches;
And he reaches toward the soft, white, fluttering petals
That light upon his face, and laughs; and she
Stoops over him quickly with sudden, hot, passionate kisses,
Smiling for all her tears.

Frederic Manning.

The Spectator.

THE WEE FOLK.

A Wind from the Hills beyond the World
Came crying between the sheaves;
It followed me over the meadowside
To the Forest of Fallen Leaves;
It piped such a tune that I needs must dance
In rustling fallen leaves.
I dared not look to right nor left
For fear what I might see;
I heard faint footsteps on the ground,
And knew "they" danced with me.

The Wind from the Hills beyond the World
Was sweeter than I can tell,
It carried the scent of the souls of flowers
From the land where the Wee Folk dwell—
The souls of the blossoms, which died on earth,
That bloom where Wee Folk dwell.
I put my hands across my ears
For fear what I might hear;
But something plucked me by the gown,
I knew "they" must be near.

The Wind from the Hills beyond the World
Grew weary, and went to rest;
The scent of the blossoms came down no more
From the mountains dim in the west,
And the feet of the Wee Folk danced away
To the opal lands of the west.
I dared to look upon the ground
Where piled the red leaves were;
But though I saw the leaves alone,
I knew "they" had been there.

May Berkeley.

Chambers's Journal.

SONG.

When the world's asleep,
I awake and weep,
Deeply sighing say,
"Come, O break of day,
Lead my feet in my beloved's way."

When the morning breaks,
When the world awakes,
Then a dream too dear,
Haunts me like a fear,
And as one in sleep I linger here.

If some star of heaven
Let him by at even,
If some magic fate
Brought him, should I wait,
Or fly within and bid them close the gate?

Margaret L. Woods.

ASPECTS OF THE "RELIGIOUS" QUESTION IN IRELAND.

It is a commonplace of observation that there are two Irelands, and, as with most commonplaces, its significance is somewhat blunted by repetition. Not until one travels through the country, noting and cross-examining, does the phrase assume the meanings and proportions of a fact. There are, indeed, two Irelands (or twenty), divided from each other by barrier upon barrier. It is not alone that three-fourths of the people are Roman Catholics, while the remainder belong to one or other of the Protestant sects. It is not alone that among the Catholics the "Celtic" strain and qualities have curiously persisted, while the Protestants approach more nearly the Scotch and the English types. It is not alone that Catholic Ireland, speaking broadly, is poor and agricultural, and Protestant Ireland prosperous and industrial, or that the majority feel themselves to be the true natives of the soil, while the minority still retain something of the spirit of a superior colonizing caste, or that there should lie between them seven centuries of social, religious, and agrarian strife, or that on the master-question of Irish politics they should still irreconcilably differ. Not one of these elements of separation and contentiousness, taken by itself, would have sufficed to give the English visitor in Ireland his recurring consciousness of passing in and out between two worlds, almost between two civilizations, each unintelligible and repugnant to the other. What makes up the full sum of the uniqueness of Ireland is that the factors of antagonism and discord, by the diabolical chance of history, coincide with and reinforce instead of cancelling each other. Class distinctions in Ireland are not mitigated by political agreement; differences of creed are not assuaged by a harmony of economic interests; the cleavages of "racial" temperament are not, as in other countries they are, bridged over by a sense of national unity. On the contrary, all the bitternesses of caste and creed, of political antipathies and material contrasts, instead of losing half their viciousness in a multiplicity of cross-currents, are gathered and rigidly compressed in Ireland into two incongruous channels. Throughout the country you infer a man's religion from his social position, his social position from his religion, and his views on all Irish questions from both. The inference, to be sure, is not invariably correct. There is still left a remnant of the old Catholic nobility and gentry whose political sympathies have nothing in common with those of the great bulk of their co-religionists. In Dublin the "Castle" Catholic, the Catholic that is, who has identified himself with the English system of government and with the social circle that centres on the Viceregal Lodge, is a common enough type; nor is it by any means the case that Catholic landlords have had less trouble with their tenants, or have been less exposed to agrarian outrage than Protestants. The struggle for the land in Ireland has always evoked an intensity of feeling that has overriden the claims of religious and political communion, and the agitating Protestant tenant is, or used to be, as familiar in Ulster as the oppressive Catholic landlord in Kerry or Wexford. Nor is it here alone that the two Irelands cross and merge. There are several thousand Protestants in Ulster who are the staunchest and most determined of Home Rulers; Protestants form a considerable percentage of the Nationalist party at Westminster; and it is a remarkable and significant fact that,

with the exception of O'Connell, nearly all the great leaders of Irish nationalism during the past century and a quarter have belonged to the Church of the minority.

But in spite of an overlapping at this point and at that, the two Irelands remain not deliberately, still less defiantly, but instinctively separate. The social and religious cleavage runs sheer down to the foundations. It is buttressed and perpetuated by the policy of the Catholic Church, and the Protestants, for their part, show no real inclination to break it down. The members of the two faiths are educated almost altogether apart; they may mingle in after-life in business or politics or the professions, but for all social purposes they retain a mutually exclusive aloofness; there is little bigotry, except in Derry and Belfast, but on the other hand there is little intimacy. As a general rule, Protestants and Catholics in Ireland do not intervisit or hold any genuine intercourse together. In the social clubs you will hardly find one member of the old faith to every score or fifty of the new; and that is not because sectarian intolerance penetrates further in Ireland than elsewhere, or even because the profession of the one creed or the other carries with it historical implications and significances of wider import than in any other land, but because the two sects are for the most part restricted to different social levels. Throughout Ireland the upper classes are all but exclusively Protestants. Their old political ascendancy has been torn from them, but their social and industrial supremacy remains. You soon come to take it for granted, when passing from one village to another, that the "big house" of the neighborhood is owned by a Protestant. You soon learn to be surprised, on making the circuit of the towns, if you find a single one of the principal industries in Catholic hands. The small tradesman, the retail shopkeeper, may be a Catholic; the publican is pretty sure to be one, but the large manufacturer, the bank manager, the railway director, the brewer, the merchant, the shipbuilder, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is a Protestant. And whether in town or country, the Protestants form inevitably an aloof and self-contained coterie of their own, feeling themselves in character, education, culture, and enterprise the members both of a superior class and a superior civilization. The upper classes among them, the landlords and the gentry, distinguished beyond any other body of men by the numbers of their titles, whose origin the tactful visitor will refrain from inquiring into, hardly regard themselves as Irish at all. Their eyes are turned Englandwards, they speak of "the people," even when with the utmost kindliness, much as an Indian civil servant might speak of the natives around him; they carry with them the consciousness of an eternal separateness; they have chosen, in short—the oddest and most perverse choice ever made by or forced upon any aristocracy—to be English instead of Irish, and "Imperialists" instead of Nationalists. Their relations with those about and below them, while frequently marked with a great outward friendliness and sympathy and much charitable zeal, lack altogether those amenities, that basis of mutual attachment, that placid revolution round the feudal centre, which have been the strength of the English squirearchy. Throughout rural Ireland the sense of common interests between class and class seems almost to have perished and will not, so far as one can see, stand any chance of being re-established until the completion of land purchase leaves the gentry free to play the normal, useful, and beneficent *rôle* of a real aristocracy among a leader-loving

people. And even, or perhaps I ought to say especially, among the great manufacturers of the North, all of whom, without, so far as I know, a single exception, are Protestants, one finds the same aggressive aloofness. Trade as a rule is a potent antiseptic to mitigate the poison of political and sectarian feuds; but fate has so willed it that the magnificent industries of Londonderry and Belfast should find in Ireland their workshop but not their market. Their business is almost altogether an exporting one, and this unquestionably has been a factor of considerable moment in preventing a true understanding between North and South, and in keeping the two classes, "races" and creeds apart. One comes at last to accept it as almost normal that Protestants and Catholics, when they meet at all in Ireland, should do so in one or other of the innumerable relations of employer and employed. Mr. Stephen Gwynn, who has justly emphasized this peculiar rule of Irish life, has noted also that sport, and especially such sport as has to do with horseflesh, is an exception to it. What the Irishman does not know about horses is hidden even from the Afghan and the New Englander, and in the buying, selling, training, racing, and hunting of horses there is probably more unforced mingling of the classes and creeds than in all other connections put together.

The fact which dwarfs all other facts about Ireland is that she is Catholic. She is far more Catholic than is implied in the bare statement that three-fourths of her people belong to the ancient communion. She is Catholic with an intensity unequalled—unapproached, indeed—by any other English-speaking people, and unsurpassed by any people anywhere. An inquirer into Irish affairs will find in this phenomenon the most delicate and baffling of all the problems that beset him. He observes at once that in Ireland the priesthood has attained to a predominance in the secular sphere of everyday life such as is scarcely rivalled even in Spain or Lower Quebec. He will endeavor, therefore, to discover how this power is used and to what extent the priests, by their training and their ideals, are fitted to wield it. He will seek to assess the influence of Catholicism upon the national character, and even to determine what type of Catholicism it is that flourishes in Ireland—whether it is the American type or the French, or more nearly approaches that which obtains in Mexico. Recognizing that among a profoundly religious people no power can be greater than that of religion, he will inevitably ask from the Church a full account of her stewardship. It will be his business to ascertain, if possible, in what way she fulfils her mission of instructing and elevating the people; what part, if any, she plays in their political affairs; how far her teachings or her policy equip them with the character that is essential to material or any other success; what effect the establishment she maintains produces upon the economic vitality of the masses, and the degree in which she encourages temperance, clear-thinking, virility, joyousness. These are not easy tasks for anyone, and for an Englishman they are peculiarly difficult. An Englishman has to burrow his way through whole mountains of prejudice and misconception before he can win to an even moderately unhampered view of the character, work, and influence of the Irish priesthood. In England itself he has hardly a single chance of learning the truth. Somewhere in the back of the average Englishman's mind is a confused idea that practically all Irish priests are little above the level of illiteracy. He is told that the education they receive at Maynooth is of the most cramping

and bigoted character, and that it turns them out narrow, intolerant, drunk with power and unscrupulous in using it. He has been fed ever since he can remember on the preposterous fallacy that Home Rule means Rome Rule. He has heard of the oppressions practised by the priests, of how they wring from the poor the moneys that enable them to build magnificent chapels in the midst of a neighborhood of hovels, of their niggardliness in charity, of their exactions in the way of marriage and burial fees, of their lives of sloth and ease. He is inclined to put down three-fourths of Irish ills to the Irish priests. He regards them as the most dangerous kind of agitators. He ascribes to them the lack of moral fibre that is often charged against the Irish people. He is convinced that they and their power are the greatest of all obstacles to industrialism. He profoundly dislikes and distrusts their whole organization. He hears that no priest in Ireland will ever condescend to publish a statement of accounts; that the Catholic laity are excluded from even the smallest share in the government of their church; and that, however praiseworthy individual priests may be, and however much credit they may justly claim for the miracle of Irish chastity, the priesthood as a whole is "seditious," anti-economic, and a blight upon the moral stamina of the people.

Before considering this indictment in detail, I should like to reproduce a rough sketch of three priests made at my first meeting with them in one of the northern counties a few years ago. The first was Father M., the curate of a wayside village, a bustling, spectacled little man, some forty years old. I lay in wait for him at a railway station, whither he was due to arrive from Dublin. What had taken him to Dublin? The very last thing that would have taken an English clergyman to London. Father M. had gone to Dublin to head a deputation from his district that was waiting upon the Chief Secretary for the purely secular object of procuring a Government grant for a local railway. It was he who introduced the deputation and acted as its spokesman. All the details of the scheme, the engineering difficulties of the projected line, the route it should take, the cost of its construction, the resources of the districts it would tap, the objections brought against it by rival roads—all this Father M. had at his finger-ends. He unfolded the whole plan to me as we sat in the parlor of the only really comfortable rural inn I have ever come across in Ireland; it was not—need I add?—kept by an Irishman. And then the talk went on to other things, to books and education and village banks and co-operative creameries. Father M. showed me a few volumes he had picked up that morning at the second-hand bookshops by the Dublin quays. He was, he admitted, somewhat of a bookworm. He had a library of nearly three thousand volumes. The reading habit had clung to him since the days of his professorship in an Irish Catholic college. He had even tried to popularize it among his people by allowing them to take out volumes from his shelves, but the experiment had not answered. Was it, I asked, mainly a theological library? By no means. The theological books reposed dustfully on the upper shelves; novels, belles-lettres, history, the classics, Huxley and Spencer mingled boldly below. But his great hobby was the co-operative movement. There was very little about agriculture that he did not appear to know—"and why shouldn't I, being a peasant's son myself?" He had started a village bank; he had started a co-operative creamery; and both were flourishing institutions. Goodness and practicality beamed from behind the little man's

spectacles. That he had not the polish of the drawing-room was true enough, but in competency, in genuineness, in enthusiasm, and in sound common sense he would have taken a place anywhere. As he sped homeward on his bicycle, I had an immense conviction that his people were in good hands.

And then there was Father M.'s immediate superior, the parish priest, a gray-haired, hearty, all-knowing veteran, upon whom I unceremoniously stumbled while waiting his curate's return. His door was ajar, and a voice from the depths of the house bade me come in when I knocked. I found him sitting in a bare, disorderly room, a glass of water and a loaf of bread standing on the table and a litter of books and papers. He held forth for a while on land and farming as though he were one of the Estates Commissioners. Then he passed on to travelling, and told me how he had just returned from a tour through Italy. "Rubbing up your classics, Father?" I asked him. He hoped, in reply, that they did not need much rubbing up, and I quickly found that they did not. He was strong on temperance, one of the leaders in the campaign which the Church has somewhat tardily organized and is not very effectively waging against the most pervasive of Irish failings. "His own," as they say in Ireland, had nearly all taken and kept the pledge, and the local publican was hard put to it to make both ends meet. Remember, we were six miles from any railway, in a district not indeed very poor, but quite remarkably isolated. And here was this priest, a real father to his people, reading the classics and fighting drunkenness. He came down to the roadway with me in the pleasant Irish fashion and chatted for a while with my driver, criticizing his horse and passing his hands down its legs with expert familiarity—a most adequate man, in touch with every interest of his people. In a near-by town I found, a day or two later, another type of priest, or, rather, a variation on the Father M. type. He was, I should judge, about forty-five years old, a zealous antiquarian who had written many books and pamphlets on the round towers, old crosses, ruined abbeys and castles of the neighborhood. But that was merely a side issue in his busy, practical life. He was a firm believer and an untiring worker in the cause of industrial betterment. The Department of Agriculture co-operates with local committees appointed by the county councils throughout the country. This priest served on his local committee with assiduity and intelligence; I believe he practically ran it. But he was far from confining himself to these more or less official duties. Any project of material improvement that stood a reasonable chance of success had his active support. When I visited him he had just organized and completed what amounted almost to a house-to-house canvass of his town for the purpose of raising £10,000 to start a small linen-weaving mill, and of that sum £6,000 had already been obtained. To encounter three such priests within the space of a week—alert, level-headed, well-informed, intensely practical men, each trying in his own way to leave the world a little better than he found it—would have forced the most unmitigated Englishman to revise some of his preconceptions.

I do not say that these three priests were typical of the whole body, and even if they were, it might still be necessary to insist that an organization is something very different from the sum of the individuals who compose it. One comes across, as a matter of fact, a few priests in Ireland, and one hears and reads of a good many more, who make a decidedly less pleasing impression, who are bullies,

agitators, not overscrupulous, and unwholesomely materialized. The quick mind and vivid pen of George A. Birmingham have given us, in "The Seething Pot" and "Benedict Kavanagh," some striking portraits of both types. But taking them as a whole, they are a remarkable set of men, whose chief shortcoming, in my opinion, is not so much that they abuse their unrivalled authority, as that they do not always direct it to the best ends. The sons, in the main, of peasants, small farmers and petty traders, educated in a seminary that is exclusively theological, it is inevitable that their horizon should be narrow, their stock of knowledge and of culture inadequate to the position of variegated and almost undisputed power in which they find themselves placed, and that their manners and style of living should sometimes fail to set an example of refinement and finish. But they are almost invariably gentlemen in the essentials, if not in the accessories, of character and conduct; they lead the fullest and most human of lives; I have rarely encountered any men in whom the social and hospitable instincts were more developed; and in their relations with women their record is absolutely without stain. "They are no anchorites," an Irish lady (Mrs. Katharine Tynan) has written, "no austere possessors of a spiritual joy far removed from human sources. They are men and brothers to their flocks; they are open-air persons; they love the gaieties of the country and the people; they dine out; they are leading—one had almost said *the* leading—figures at weddings and christenings; they are sportsmen; they love a race-meeting or a game of cards; they enjoy a good dinner and a glass of punch to follow. Yet it is in the midst of his social, and one may say material enjoyments, that the high vocation of the Irish priest is, to my mind, so manifest. I have looked on at and taken part in hundreds of card games where priests were among the players. In all my experience, I cannot recall one instance in which a priest was greedy, ill-tempered, or anything but a gentleman and a sportsman, winning and losing with cheerful equanimity, and displaying the utmost patience with other players less well-mannered and good-hearted than himself. I have seen them on the race-courses, dispensing their wonderful hospitality, spreading geniality as they went about among friends and neighbors, 'putting their bit' in a sweepstake, and enjoying their losing or winning with the same cheerful equanimity as at the card-table." The picture is an attractive one but I do not find my Irish friends over-ready to endorse it. They greet it rather with a good-humored smile as a somewhat fanciful sketch of a type of priest now fast disappearing to make room for a less mellow and jovial, a more self-centred and material generation.

No attempt to interpret the Ireland of to-day can be helpful without a constant throwing-back to the past. That is an axiom one needs especially to bear in mind when approaching the subject of the Irish priesthood. Their power is not an accident; its roots lie far back in Ireland's history; a melancholy succession of events have confirmed and buttressed it; step by step it is possible to trace the causes that have made the priests the only leaders, until recently, that the Irish masses have ever had. And if there is one class that has forfeited the right to complain of the breadth and depth of priestly predominance it is surely the Irish gentry, who, placed in supreme authority over a people pre-eminently aristocratic, have proved lamentably unable to win either their affection or respect, and have allowed the popular leadership which was in their grasp to pass into the hands of the clergy

and the politicians. The whole tangled and insensate tale of Irish history with its forfeitures and confiscations, its colonies and clearances, its rebellions and repressions, its penal laws and persecutions, its ruthless rule of the old ascendancy party, lies behind the secular influence which the Catholic Church wields in the Ireland of to-day. The Irish priest has not to struggle for power; it comes to him as a birth-right; it is one of the least disputable legacies of the tumultuous past. What is it, one might almost ask, that the priest is not? All education is in his hands; the penal laws have bequeathed to him a distinctive sanctity; his office is regarded with a reverence not altogether free from superstition: spiritual shepherd, teacher, politician, land agent, family lawyer, man of affairs—from the cradle to the grave he touches the realities of Irish life at every conceivable point. On such a matter the impressions of a casual visitor must necessarily lack that intimacy of acquaintance which can alone give them value. I fall back on the ampler knowledge, the wide and sympathetic elucidations of one who, though a foreigner, has made a profound study of Irish problems, and has also the advantage of being a Catholic. M. Paul Dubois, in his "L'Irelande Contemporaine," is nowhere happier than in his analysis of the relations between priests and people. "Under Elizabeth and Cromwell, under the penal laws," he writes, "the priest suffered with the people. He remained faithful to them unto death and martyrdom. Thus were friendship and union sealed between priest and people. The priest gained for ever the gratitude and veneration of the people; he became their guide, their friend, their protector, and won that title which he still bears, Sagart a rûin, the beloved priest. Nothing could be more touching to see than this attachment which still exists, this respect, this confidence, this intimacy between the priest and his parishioners. . . . He seems to be a king in his kingdom, affable, courteous, tolerant with non-Catholics, familiar with his flock, above all, 'popular.' He is in truth the father of his people, and no doubt a father who is sufficiently authoritative. He is the arbiter of their quarrels, the confidant of their secrets. To him they turn for advice whether in affairs of the heart or the pocket. In return the people are ready to do him any service and to render him any homage. . . . There is no stiff haughtiness, no wall of stone separating them from their flock; they make themselves loved by their good grace and their ruggedness at need. . . . The Irish priest is not merely the spiritual shepherd, he is the guide and counsellor in temporal affairs. The facts of history have made him a leader, and often the sole leader, of the people."

But to all this there is another and less pleasing side. It has been stated with pungent illumination by "Pat" in his "Economics for Irishmen," a vivid and original volume that will only be out of date when Ireland has been unimaginably transformed. "The world," says "Pat," "has hardly a more beautiful example of Faith than the gray patrician of fifty generations bowed for the blessing of the new-made curate, who may have started from the stable; but when that curate has 'got his parish,' expands his exclusive judgment on religion into his exclusive judgment on everything else, lays down the law on all things for patrician and plebeian alike, dictates his 'policy' to the statesman, his fees to the doctor, his voting to the citizen, their 'opinions' to the public, and so turns his sacred privilege into a secular weapon—then the highest things we know of are dragged into the dirt, and character, economic and otherwise, is

sunk under a confusion of standards that tend to make the individual a machine rather than a man, with Heaven itself pressed into the process of human demoralization. That is what we have to-day in Ireland, at least in a measure large enough to assure our economic decay, and so helpless is 'the nation' against it that useful men, good Catholics, can have their dismissal dictated by the priest, and be driven out of Ireland for nothing more than uttering their opinions on lay matters peculiarly their own, admittedly in accordance with the liberty defined to them by their Faith. . . . Nothing is more firmly fixed in the minds of many shopkeepers and their peasant customers than that the prosperity or destruction of their business is at the will of the priest, and I know of numerous families that have been impoverished in this way, while others have risen from misery to wealth through the priest's partiality. In many places it is enough to know simply that the priest does not wish the people to go to a certain shop. The wish becomes generally known in some way, and then down goes the shop, often the shop of a good fellow, while a pious ruffian prospers under clerical approval on the other side of the street. While it is accepted as if an article of Faith that the will of the priest means success or ruin to a man's business, how can we have the freedom that produces character or the character that produces economic progress?" These are the views of an Irishman and a Catholic. I find them substantially endorsed in a letter I received not long ago from an Irish Protestant, a singularly liberal and enlightened statesman, who has made many effective contributions to Irish well-being. "Sacerdotalism," he writes, "is my bugbear, the one factor in the case that makes me sometimes despair. It shows no sign of weakening; on the contrary, I think it gathers strength. But it cannot last for ever. The people hate and resent it; and though but few Irish return from the United States to settle in Ireland, American modes of thought must percolate into Ireland. My dread is that it will last long enough to neutralize the good effects of peasant proprietorship and other reforms; and that the influence of the priest in the legitimate field of faith and morals will perish along with his power in purely secular affairs. The rebound into irreligion of a people such as the Irish would be very serious. It is a vast pity that we have in Ireland no Roman Catholic in a position analogous to that of the Duke of Norfolk in England, one who could represent at Rome the fact—I am sure it is a fact—that a revolt against religion will surely take place if the interference of the hierarchy and the priest in temporal affairs is not checked. . . . In what I have said about sacerdotalism do not misread me as applying it to all bishops and priests. I believe the majority are good though ignorant men, anxious for the welfare of the country, and concerned only for the spiritual and moral condition of their flocks. But the militant temporal bishops and priests dominate the majority, and they have all the strings of the moneybags and of the Press in their hands. If the priests would preach and preach, and keep on preaching (1) love of truth, (2) sense of duty, (3) the necessity of nourishing the body as well as the soul, (4) that stewed tea and white bread are poison to children, (5) the dignity of labor, and (6) cleanliness—Ireland would be a very different country in ten years."

It may be doubted, however, whether the Catholic Church at all desires Ireland to be "a very different country." As devout Catholics, putting the Church before any mundane interest,

they have every reason to be satisfied with Ireland and the Irish people, and, I will add, the British Government in Ireland, just as they are. From the point of view of the Church there can hardly be any change that is not a change for the worse; in the eyes of a zealous hierarchy the Ireland of to-day must be very nearly the ideal country. The people dwindle, but the Church thrives; emigration continues, but those who are left behind seem to yield themselves more and more to priestly guidance and authority. Convents and monasteries multiply, Irish missionaries scatter over the world, the wealth and power and property of the Church grow from year to year, and British statesmanship has thoroughly assimilated the maxim that the road to peace lies in governing Ireland with and through the priesthood. Protestant England is, indeed, one of the main bulwarks of the secular power of Irish Catholicism. Every official in the country, from the Lord-Lieutenant to an inspector on the staff of the Board of Works, quickly learns that to get anything done he must have the Church on his side. Every Secretary of State soon becomes aware that the bishops and their subordinates are the most useful friends or the most powerful enemies—and never more powerful than when they appear to be altogether indifferent and in the background—of the policies he projects. There is hardly a Board, or Council, or Committee anywhere in Ireland, outside of a corner of Ulster, that is not directly or indirectly swayed by clerical influence. Whatever party is in power in Great Britain the Church acts largely as its intermediary in the government of Ireland, distributes no small proportion of the official patronage, and may always be sure that its wishes and representations will be listened to with the most cordial deference. Its hold over education is such as it hardly possesses in any other land; and in return it has consistently, but not always effectively, interposed a moderating and pacifying influence between the people and their rulers. Its spirit, in Ireland as elsewhere, is and must be essentially conservative; and to-day, strictly in proportion to its growth in wealth and property, it is more conservative than ever. It does not stand, and never has stood, for real Nationalism or real democracy. Individual priests have often and genuinely stood for the former, and in a few rare cases may even have been sufficiently democratic as to contemplate popular control over education. But the hierarchy, while always inflexible on the school question, has never allowed its sympathies with Nationalism to override or interfere with its primal duty of safeguarding Catholic interests.

It would be perhaps too blunt a way of putting it to say that the Church in Ireland is for Home Rule only so long as it is sure of not getting it. But it is at least certain that its attitude towards any Home Rule Bill that stood the slightest chance of becoming law would be highly equivocal. The influence of many scores and hundreds of the younger priests, whose Nationalism is as undoubted as their popularity; the apprehensions aroused by the multiplying bonds between the Irish Nationalist party and the English Labor party, and by the certainty that British legislation will be directed with a constantly increasing decisiveness against property and against clericalism; the extreme probability that an Irish Parliament would be a Tory Parliament and an instinctive upholder of vested interests, and that Ireland under Home Rule would be less exposed to the subversive and rationalizing spirit of British politics and British literature—these are factors that would urge the Church to accept and advocate au-

tonomy. But the factors pulling the other way are stronger. A people possessed of self-government, unless all history is a lie, is a difficult team for a Church to drive, and the priesthood under Home Rule could not hope to retain the power it wields at present. Already there are incipient signs of anti-clericalism. The whole Irish-Ireland movement is impregnated with a spirit, and is forming a type of character, that are instinctively, though not so far avowedly, hostile to sacerdotal rulership in the secular affairs of life. Agricultural co-operation and technical instruction are likewise developing backbone and self-reliance. The County Councils accept the co-operation of the priests, but no longer follow their lead as automatically as they did. The mass of the people continue to pay their dues, but they are beginning to grumble and inquire. An educated laity is revealing a suspicious interest in educational problems, and in spite of the new University, with its wealth of professors and paucity of lectures and students, Trinity has to-day more Catholic undergraduates on its books than ever. Peasant proprietorship, again, means, not only a new social order, but the inevitable, if tardy, emergence of a new set of ideas, none of which are likely to be favorable to priestly authority. If Ireland had Home Rule no power on earth could prevent these forces—at present faint and dispersed—from combining into a formidable, and in the end a successful, onslaught, first, upon the clerical hold over the schools, and secondly, but long afterwards, upon the congregations. With a Parliament in session on College Green the Church might feel that it possessed a greater security for its property than any that is likely to be forthcoming when Labor holds the balance of British politics and both Liberals and Conservatives are bidding for its support. But it would feel at the same time that the flood-gates had been opened to democratic impulses threatening its secular privileges, and that from being the ally of the British Government its position had shifted to that of an object of contention and attack in the political life of Ireland. It is not merely a desire to gratify the Vatican, which is indifferent to Ireland but enormously interested in England, by not depriving English Catholics of the Parliamentary support of the Nationalist party, that ranges the Church against Home Rule. It is, above all, that in its own mind its temporal and spiritual powers are inseparably linked and that Home Rule must first loosen and then destroy its absolute and deeply cherished control of education. One may, therefore, with some confidence anticipate that if the coming Home Rule Bill proves unsatisfactory to the more ardent Nationalists, if it withholds from the Irish Parliament, for instance, the control of the customs, if its financial provisions are held to be inadequate, if it can be represented, like the Councils Bill of five years ago, as "a sham and an insult to the Irish people," the Church will do nothing to facilitate its passage into law, will perhaps even assume the mantle of outraged patriotism, will more probably look on with tacit encouragement while the Sinn Feiners and the O'Brienites engineer its rejection by the inevitable Convention. But, as I said in the November issue of this *Review*, the political power of the Irish hierarchy, while great, is not illimitable; and if Mr. Birrell's Bill were to prove a full and genuine grant of self-government, striking the imagination and capturing the enthusiasm of the masses, the Church could not and would not oppose it, knowing that to do so would merely advertise once more the fact that in the face of a national movement, and when the passions of the people are really aroused,

its power to influence or restrain disappears and that nothing is left for it but submission and patience.

On the whole, therefore, it would seem as though the Church had as good reason to be satisfied with itself, and its situation, and Ireland and the Irish people, and the British Government, as any Church these days can hope to have, and that it would be quite content to go on with things as they are. An onlooker, however, can only share this satisfaction after certain deductions. He cannot, for instance, for one moment blind himself to its failure as an instrument of learning. Except in the case of the Christian Brothers, the Catholic Church in Ireland is a blight upon—one might almost say the enemy of—a modern and efficient system of education. There are other aspects, too, of its policy and organization that he is bound to canvass. The Church is the second Irish landlord, and the yearly tribute it receives can be little, if at all, less than the money annually paid out by the people in rent and purchase-instalments. What becomes of it all no one knows. The laity are inflexibly excluded from the smallest share of Church administration, and no priest in Ireland renders any account of the sums that pass into his hands. One reads in the papers of an endless flow of bequests into the ecclesiastical exchequer, of the expensiveness of marriage and burial fees, and of the generous proceeds of the Easter and Christmas offerings, and of the half-yearly "stations" at which the priest collects his dues in person. Priests occasionally leave considerable fortunes behind them, and there is a general belief that they live very well. But there is a marked absence of the social and philanthropic and charitable enterprises that engage so much of the time and energy and money of other churches in other lands; and the most palpable fruit of the sums subscribed is to be seen in the towering, ungainly churches that spring up in the midst of hovels. So long as the people retain the power of the purse they have a formidable weapon of compulsion in their hands, and it is, indeed, often puzzling to decide whether the people influence the priests, or the priests the people, the most. But in any event, it is an unhealthy system, inasmuch as it materializes too many of the priesthood, robs the laity of all real responsibility, and constitutes a heavy drain on the economic vitality of the people. The universal preference in Ireland for dealing only with banks that have Protestant managers, is due to the fear that otherwise the priest might learn the size of each customer's account and increase his demands accordingly; and the Irish trick of looking and living below one's means, while it was fostered by landlordism and misgovernment, is undoubtedly maintained by a dread of priestly exactions. And in other and more vital matters the inquirer into the realities of Irish life finds himself abruptly confronted by the evidences of clerical power. He sees the Hierarchy warring on and suppressing journals that refuse to subordinate to its interests, whatever aspirations they may cherish for a united and regenerated Ireland, and he asks how freedom of thought can exist in such conditions. He hears from manufacturers of the hindrances placed in their way by the Church, with her restrictions and demands, and he is tempted to believe that Ireland is one of the last battle-grounds of the age-long conflict between Catholicism and industrialism. He regards the inordinate drink bill of the Irish people and wonders whither the spirit of Father Mathew has fled. He cross-examines the emigrants at Queenstown, and begins to suspect that the policy of dragooning the people in their homes and diversions, if it has

helped to make the Irish the most continent of nations in the single matter of sex, has also done much to blast the innocent pleasures and gaiety of the countryside, and to invest the prospect of escape into life with a new attractiveness; and the census figures of the United States and of England are there to confirm his forebodings that, once free from the special atmosphere of Ireland and released from the confinement of a pentitential code, the faith of but too many of the Irish emigrants will prove a fragile barrier against the seductions of freedom and the onsweep of an unaccustomed commercialism. The great and continuous defection from Catholicism of the Irish in America is a phenomenon at least as much explicable by the environment they have left as by that they have entered. He forms, finally, such estimate as he can of the mind and character of the Catholic masses, and finds himself asking whether a people barely emerging from the anthropomorphic phases of belief, penetrated with the listlessness of fatalism, and conspicuously deficient in virility, self-confidence, perseverance, and straightforwardness, is a people that does much credit to the teachings of its Church.

There are some to whom these defects of the Irish character and these features of the Catholic polity and discipline seem arguments against Home Rule, who forecast a *régime* of religious intolerance and persecution, and flourish Papal decrees in the affrighted faces of the British electorate. But over nineteen-twentieths of Ireland the Roman Catholics already hold supreme political power, and yet nothing beyond the normal amount of discrimination that is practised by every sect in favor of its own votaries in every English village exists, and the Protestant minority, in the south and west, virtually disfranchised as they are, would be the last to pretend that they are in any way "persecuted"; while the idea of an Irish Parliament wanting to bully, or being able to bully, the dour Presbyterians of Ulster is of all political nightmares the most fantastic. The lines of division in any assembly that is ever likely to meet on College Green would be primarily urban and rural, and, in the fullness of time, clerical and anti-clerical, with the farmers arrayed against the traders over questions of taxation in the first instance, and the Catholic, Episcopalian and Presbyterian clericals allied against popular control of education in the second. To suppose that Irish politics will split up into a Catholic and a Protestant camp is precisely as absurd as to suppose that women, when they get the vote, will use it as a sex; while the preposterous bogeys of "Catholic domination," "absolute spiritual and absolute temporal jurisdiction," "the crushing of the Protestant minority beneath the heels of Catholic bigots," and so on, are not merely discounted but disposed of by the fact that the Irish Hierarchy does not want Home Rule, will not lift a finger to get it, and will be heartily relieved if it escapes being compelled to accept it. Every trait in the Irish character which is weak and needs bracing, every feature of clerical organization and policy which may justly be held to be anti-social or anti-economic or to shackle the national intelligence, so far from weakening the case for Home Rule, enormously strengthens it; and Unionist writers and speakers who affect to deplore "the tyranny of the Church" over the minds and conduct of the Irish masses may well be invited to declare how they propose to get rid of it if not by confronting clericalism in Ireland with the only power that has ever succeeded in subduing it—the power of an educated, self-governing, responsible democracy.

Sydney Brooks.

CHARITY UP-TO-DATE.

The tender mercies of the thoughtless, as of the wicked, are often cruel, and charity when it ceases to be a blessing is apt to become a curse; Mansion House funds we used in old days to count among the possible winter horrors of East London. The boldly-advertised details of destitution, the publication of the sums collected, the hurried distribution by irresponsible and ignorant agents and the absence of any policy, stirred up wild expectation and left behind a trail of bitterness and degradation. The people were encouraged in deception, and were led on in the way which ends in wretchedness.

In 1903 a Committee was formed which used a Mansion House fund to initiate a policy of providing honorable and sufficiently-paid work which would, at the same time, test the solid intention of unemployed and able-bodied applicants. The report of that Committee has been generally accepted, and has indeed become the basis of subsequent action and recommendations. It seemed to us East Londoners as if the bad time had been passed, and that henceforth charitable funds would flow in channels to increase fruitfulness and not in floods to make devastation.

The hope has been disappointed. Funds inaugurated by newspapers, by agencies, or by private persons have appeared in overwhelming force, and have followed in the old bad ways. The heart of the public has been torn by harrowing descriptions of poverty and suffering, which the poor also read and feel ashamed. The means of relief are often miserably inadequate. A casual dinner eaten in the company of the most degraded cannot help the "toiling widows and decent workingmen," "waiting in their desolate homes to know whether there is to be an end to their pains and privations." Two or three hours spent in fields hardly clear of London smoke, after a noisy and crowded ride, is not likely to give children the refreshment and the quiet which they need for a recreative holiday.

Much of the charity of to-day, it has to be confessed, is mischievous, if not even cruel, and to its charge must be laid some of the poverty, the degradation, and the bitterness which characterize London, where, it is said, eight million sterling are every year given away. Ruskin, forty years ago, when he was asked by an Oxford man proposing to live in Whitechapel what he thought East London most wanted, answered, "The destruction of West London." Mr. Bernard Shaw has lately, in his own startling way, stated a case against charity, and we all know that the legend on the banner of the unemployed, "Curse your charity," represents widely-spread opinion.

But—practically—what is the safe outlet for the charitable instinct? The discussion of the abolition of charity is not practical. People are bound to give their money to their neighbors. Human nature is solid—individuals are parts of a whole—and the knowledge of a neighbor's distress stirs the desire to give something, as surely as the savor of food stirs appetite. But as in the one case the satisfaction of the appetite is not enough unless the food builds up the body and strength, so in the other case the charity which relieves the feelings of the giver is not enough unless it meets the neighbor's needs. Those needs are to-day very evident, and very complex. Our rich and ease-loving society knows well that a family supported on twenty shillings a week cannot get sufficient food,

and that even forty shillings will not provide means for holidays—for travel or for study. There will be children whose starved bodies will never make strong men and women; and there will be men and women who live anxious and care-worn lives, who cannot enjoy the beauties and wonders of the world in which they have been placed.

There are ghastly facts behind modern unrest, which are hardly represented by tales of destitute children and the sight of ragged humanity congregated around the free-shelters. The needs are obvious, and they are very complex. The man whose ragged dress and haggard face cries out for food, has within him a mind and a soul fed on the crumbs which fall from the thoughts of the times, and he is a member of society from which he resents exclusion. Relief of a human being's need must take all these facts into account. It must not give him food, at the expense of lowering his self-respect; it must not provide him with pleasure at the expense of degrading his capacity for enjoying his higher calling as a man, and it must not be kind at the expense of making independence impossible. The man who is stirred by the knowledge of his neighbor's needs must take a deal of trouble.

The only safe outlet for the charitable instinct is, it may be said, that which is made by thinking and study. The charity which is thoughtless is charity out of date. It is always hard to be up to date, because to be so involves fresh thinking, and it is so much easier to say what has been said by previous generations and to imitate the deeds of the dead benefactors. They who would really serve their neighbor's needs by a gift must bring the latest knowledge of human nature to bear on the applicant's character, and treat it in relation to the structure of society as that structure is now understood. They must be students of personality and of the State. They must consider the individual who is in need or the charitable body which makes an appeal, as carefully as a physician considers his case; they must get the facts for a right diagnosis, and bring to the cure all the resources of civilization. The great benefactors of old days were those who thought out their actions—as, for instance, when Lady Burdett-Coutts met the need of work by building amid the squalor of East London a market beautiful enough to be a temple, or as Lord Shaftesbury when he inaugurated ragged schools—but new ages demand new actions, and the spiritual children of the great dead are not they who act as they acted, but those who give thought as they gave thought.

The charity which does not flow in channels made by thought is the charity which is mischievous. People comfort themselves and encourage their indolence by saying they would rather give wrongly in ten cases than miss one good case. The comfort is deceptive. The gift which does not help, hinders, and it is the gifts of the thoughtless which open the pitfalls into which the innocent fall and threaten the stability of society. Such gifts are temptations to idleness, and widen the breach between rich and poor. When people of good will, in pursuit of a good object, do good deeds which are followed by cries of distress and by curses there is a tragedy.

Charity up to date, whether it be from person to person or through some society or fund, must be such as is approved by the same close thinking as business men give to their business, or politicians to their policy. The best form of giving must always, I think, be that from person to person. Would that it were more used—would that those whose feelings are stirred by the sight of many sick folk were content to

try and heal one! There are always individuals in need at our own door—neighbors, workpeople, relatives, servants; there is always among those we know someone whose home could be made brighter, or whose sickness could be lightened; there are tired people who could be sent on holiday, boys or girls who could be better educated. Gifts which pass from person to person are something more than ordinary gifts. "The gift without the giver is bare," and when the giver's thought makes itself felt, the gift is enriched. The best form of charity, therefore, is personal, and if for some reason this be impossible, then the next best is that which strengthens the hands of persons who are themselves in touch with neighbors in need, such as are the almoners of the Society for the Relief of Distress, the members of the Charity Organization Committees, or the residents in Settlements.

The personal gift, inspired by good will and directed by painstaking thought, is the best form of charity, but people who have learnt what organizations and associations can do will not be content unless those means also are applied to the relief of their neighbors. The consequence is the existence of numberless societies for numberless objects. "Which of them may be said to represent charity up to date?" The answer I submit is, "Those which approve themselves to thoughtful examination."

Appeals which touch the feelings of the readers, with well-known names as patrons and hopeful forecasts, should not be sufficient to draw support. The would-be subscriber must leisurely apply his mind, and weigh the proposals in the light of modern knowledge. The giving a subscription involves a large responsibility; it not only withdraws from use money which, as wages, would have employed useful labor, but it may actually be a means of doing mischief. As one familiar with the working of many charities, I would appeal for more thoughtfulness on the part of all subscribers. People must think for themselves and judge for themselves; but perhaps, out of a long experience, I may suggest a few guiding principles.

I. Charities should aim at encouraging growth rather than at giving relief. They should be inspired by hope rather than by pity. They should be a means of education, a means of enabling the recipient to increase in bodily, mental, or spiritual strength. If I spend twenty shillings on giving a dinner or a night's lodging to twenty vagrants, I have done nothing to make them stronger workers or better citizens, I have only kept poverty alive; but if I spend the same sum in sending one person to a convalescent hospital, he will be at any rate a stronger man, and if, during his stay at the hospital his mind is interested in some subject—in something not himself—he will probably be a happier man. Societies which devote a large income to providing food and clothing do not in the long run reduce the number of those in want, while Societies which promote the clearing of unhealthy areas, the increase of open space about town dwellings, greater accessibility to books and pictures, gradually raise people above the need of gifts of food and clothing. Hospitals which do much in restoring strength to the sick would do more if they used their reputation and authority to teach people how to avoid sickness, and to make a public opinion which would prevent many diseases and accidents. The distinguished philanthropist who used to say she would rather give a poor man a watch than a coat was, I believe, wiser than another philanthropist who condemned a poor woman for spending her money on buying a picture for her room. It is more important to raise self-respect

and develop taste than just to meet physical needs.

Charities intruding themselves upon the intimacies of domestic life have by their patronage often dwarfed the best sort of growth. Warnings against patronizing the poor are frequent, but many charities are by their very existence "patronizing," and many others, by sending people to collect votes, by requiring expressions of their gratitude, and by the attitude of their agents, do push upon the poor reminders of their obligations. They belong to a past age, and have no place in the present age, where they foster only a cringing or rebellious attitude. It has been well said that "a new spirit is necessary in dealing with the poor, a spirit of humility and willingness to learn, rather than generosity and anxiety to teach." This is only another form of saying that charities must be educational, because no one can educate who is not humble. Our schools, perhaps, will have further results when the teachers cease to call themselves "masters!"

II. Charities should, I think, look to, if not aim at, their own extinction. Their existence, it must be remembered, is due to some defect in the State organization or in the habits of the people. Schools, for instance, were established by the gifts of good will to meet the ignorance from which people suffered, and when the State itself established schools the gifts have been continued for the sake of methods and experiments to meet further needs which the State has not yet seen its way to meet. Charities, in this case, have looked, or do look, to their own extinction when the State, guided by their example, may take up their work. They have been pioneers, original, daring by experiment to lead the way to undiscovered good. Relief societies have, in like manner, shown how the State may help the poor by means which respect their character, by putting work within their reach, by emigrating those fit for colonial life, by giving orphan children more of the conditions of a family home. There are others which have looked, or still look, to their extinction, not in State action, but in co-operation with other societies with which they now compete. Competition may be the strength of commerce, but co-operation is certainly the strength of charity, and wise are those charities which are content to sink themselves in common action and die that they may rise again in another body. The Charity Organization Societies in some of the great cities have in this way lost themselves, to live again in Social Welfare Councils and Civic Leagues. There are, finally, other charities which, by their own action, tend to make themselves unnecessary. The Children's Country Holiday Fund, for instance, by giving country holidays to town children, and by making the parents contribute to the expense, develop at once a new desire for the peace and beauty of the country and a new capacity for satisfying this desire. When parents realize the necessity of such holiday and know how it can be secured, this Fund will cease to have a reason for existence.

Charities are many which fulfil this condition, but charities also are many which do not fulfil it. They seem to wish to establish themselves in permanence, and go on in rivalry with the State and with one another. There is waste of money, which might be used in pioneer work, in doing what is equally well done by others; there is competition which excites greed and imposition, and there is overlapping. Very little thought is wanted to discover many such charities which now receive large incomes from the public.

A wise observer has said: "A charity ought every twenty-five years to head

a revolution against itself." Only by some such means can it be brought into adjustment with the new needs of a new time, only by some such means will it clear off excrescences and renew its youth. But, failing such power of self-reform, it is worthy of consideration whether every twenty-five years each charity should not be compelled to justify its existence before some State Commission.

III. Charities should keep in line with State activities. The State—either by national or by municipal organization—has taken over many of the duties which meet the needs of the people. Ignorance, poverty, disease, and dulness have all been met, and the means by which they are being met are constantly developed. The Church, it may be said, has so far converted the State, and a cheerful payer of rates may perhaps deserve the same Divine commendation as the cheerful giver. But State organizations, however well considered and well administered, will always want the human touch. They will not, like the charities, be fitful because dependent on subscribers and committees, but they will not, like charities, temper their actions to individual peculiarities and feelings. Charities, therefore, I think, do well when they keep in line with State activities. They may, for instance, working in co-operation with the Guardians, undertake the care of the families when the bread-winner is in the infirmary, or superintend the management of industrial colonies to which the unemployed may be sent, or provide enfeebled old people with pensions until the age when they are eligible for the State pension. They may, in connection with the School and Education authorities, support the Care committees who look after the interest of children in elementary schools, or, like Mrs. Humphry Ward's society, give guidance in play during the children's leisure hours. They may also, in conjunction with the Sanitary Authorities, work for the increase of health and the wiser use of playgrounds and means of recreation. Men and women of good will may, I believe, find boundless opportunities if they will serve on municipal bodies or on the committees appointed by such bodies to complement their work.

It may, indeed, be a further indictment against charities that much of the good will which might have improved and humanized State action has by them been diverted. If, for instance, the passion of good will which now finds an outlet in providing free shelters and dinners for the starving, or orphanages for destitute children had gone to improve casual wards and barrack schools, many evils would have been prevented. At any rate, it may be said that charities working alongside of the State organizations would become stronger, and State organizations inspired by the charities would become more humane. It costs more, doubtless, to work in co-operation with others and to subject self-will to the common will as a member of a Board of Guardians than to be an important member of a charitable committee, but in charity it is cost which counts.

Charity—to sum up my conclusion—represents a very important factor in the making of the England of to-morrow. The outbreak of giving, of which there has been ample evidence this Christmas, may represent increased good will and a more vivid realization of responsibility for those afflicted in mind, body, or estate, or it may represent the impatience of light-hearted people anxious to relieve themselves and get on to their pleasures. Society is out of joint because the wealth of the rich and the poverty of the poor have been brought into so great light. It seems intolerable that when wealth has to invent new ways of expenditure there should be families where the

earnings are insufficient for necessary food, where the children cannot enjoy the gaiety of their youth, where the boys and girls pass out through unskilled trades to pick up casual labor and casual doles. The needs are many, but the point I wish to urge is that charity which intends to help may hinder. No gift is without result, and some of the gifts are responsible for the suffering, carelessness, and bitterness of our times.

Charity up-to-date is that which gives thought as well as money and service. The cost is greater, and many who will even deny themselves a pleasure so as to give a generous cheque cannot exercise the greater denial of giving their thought. "There is no glory," said Napoleon, "where there is no danger"; and we may add, there is no charity where there is no thought, and thought is very costly.

Samuel A. Barnett.

The Contemporary Review.

FORTUNA CHANCE.

By James Prior.

CHAPTER I.

MISCHANCE.

In the autumn of 1725 the gossips of Buxton and in their turn the consummate quidnuncs of London society made a nine-days' cackle over a disgrace which had befallen a lady of the highly connected family of the Chances; wherein what she lost in reputation Beau Vane gained, with his almost impromptu transmutation by his wit's alchemy of Miss Chance into mischance. That "miss" had still a flavor about it of the infantine, the pert, the familiar, the contemptuous, the common; therefore to persons with the Georgian fine sense of the moral difference between sin and discovery the public curtailment of the full honorable title of "mistress" was a measure of the lady's descent.

Of course there were and are Chances in almost every county in England, but Fortuna Chance, the Miss or Mistress Chance in question, was of the Roman Catholic Chances of the Peak country whose ladies always patched their faces on the Tory side. That elder branch I mean, which has for its sonorous motto "Victrix vel Vindex Fortuna"; the younger and perhaps now better regarded advances the trivial flippancy of "Cross or Pile," equivalent in modern currency to "Heads or Tails." The other, the gentlemanly ingredient in the scandal, was a young fellow of the even greater tribe of Nobodies of Nowhere, a very pretty young fellow too, but of low family, small fortune and Whiggish politics. An act of mere immorality might easily have been condoned by miss's kinsfolk, but so gross a misalliance, whether legalized or irregular, was universally condemned as against all form. The lover was compelled to a desperate duel with Fortuna's brother George, in which he both gave and received serious wounds; nevertheless his inconspicuous name of Bond would inevitably have been soon forgotten but for his subsequent remarkable success in his profession of the law. It would appear that blood-letting had cured him of his inclination towards a life of pleasure and the vanity of embroidered coats or pink-colored top-knots, for on his recovery he devoted himself to the more serious frivolities of ambition, went the western circuit assiduously, wrote a book on the law of implied contracts, got into parliament, and became memorable later on as the youngest judge who ever resigned his seat on the English bench.

While he shone she suffered eclipse,

total, permanent. She had put on a wedding-ring, and without iteration affirmed a marriage, possibly with truth; until Lord Hardwicke's reforming act a generation later marriage was the loosest institution in the State. But it is to be remarked that she gave no proof, attempted no persuasion, made no appeal, raised no outcry, shed no tear, as women rightly do who have or would appear to have right on their side. She may be said to have consented to her lover's neglect; she certainly did not complain of it.

Her father and mother were dead, she was of age, and she refused to defer to the superiority which seniority, immaculate virtue, masculinity or even to that which muscularity gave one or other of her relatives. She disobeyed their humane fiat consigning her to seclusion with a distant kinswoman; she accepted, even anticipated, her family's renunciation; and so gaily that it was justly suspected, with much oh-fieing and dear-meing, that she was going to keep secret trist with her gallant. She rode her own little pad mare Astrology; Mistress Press, her maid, sat on a pillion behind a hired man, and two stout pack-horses conveyed her trunks, her parrot and her pet spaniel Mischief. As little as her show of flight was her intention of hiding herself. She said to her maid at starting:

"I shall stop at the first house that will take us in."

Apparently she had either underestimated the pruderies, servilities and timidities of ordinary folk or had overestimated the largeness of their houses and hospitalities. Anyhow she was indebted for the first night to the mercenary accommodation of an inn, and had journeyed more than thirty devious miles from her native hills into the gentler sister county, before she found lodging in a purley-man's cottage on the borders of the royal demesne of Sherwood. This purley or purlieu-man was a mere squatter on the waste, and his cottage was but a four-roomed hut partly of mud and stud, partly of rough-hewn stone; but the man and his wife had no children, and though rough-mannered and of little scrupulosity were good-natured obliging thriftless likeable folk. Besides the situation and seclusion of their dwelling pleased Fortuna. She had the two best rooms hastily refurnished, and stayed on under the assumed name of Surety. She did not change her pleasure when she learnt, as she soon did through Press, that she lay within half a mile of the boundary of Annesley, whose late life-tenant, Mr. Chaworth, had married her mother's elder sister Elizabeth, of the Poles of Heage. But uncle and aunt were both dead, their son and successor and his lady were unknown to her, and if her knowledge of the connection tended to restrict her wanderings it was unwittingly, though certain it is that she eschewed the common road and never strolled in any direction more than a furlong or two from the house-door.

Now thirty miles in those days was a considerable separation; thirty miles of wild country thinly sprinkled with villages and enclosures, which were rather disconnected than united by a few vile roads. Within the space of a month it was variously rumored of her that she was dead, that she was being privately kept by her lover, that she was on the streets of London, that she had become an inmate of a French convent or of Bedlam, and that she had been married by the Rev. Mr. Sweetapple of Fledborough, the Gretna Green of the Midlands, to a footman of the Duke of Devonshire's. Then the active interest of her acquaintance's calumny wearied; she was let go, was forgotten. Another belle led up the county ball at Derby, another lover sighed or was successful, another reputation suffered. Fortuna had no sis-

ters; her only brother, the duellist, being legally debarred as a Roman Catholic from giving his own country the benefit of his courage and military abilities, took service in the army of the Emperor Charles VI and rose to high rank.

In the following spring Fortuna gave birth to a son. Her first whisper to her maid with her returning breath, "Now we shall always have a man in the house," was equally expressive of the woman's timidities and the mother's pride. Within twenty-four hours a priest knocked at the door in the disguise of a travelling pedlar. He sold Mistress Press a groat-halfpennyworth of needles, christened the babe in the name of Roland, confessed Fortuna, and we may hope, after enjoining a penance not too severe absolved her of the guilt of a Protestant alliance, certainly illicit however doubtfully legal. Then before the next hour had struck he departed with as little stir as he had come with. I do not know how his arrival befell so opportunely. I might guess at explanations, but it will save trouble both to writer and reader if we agree to call it a mystery without attempting to agree about the terms of our agreement.

A year or two later Fortuna's host found it advisable to make himself scarce. A purley-man was always looked on askance by the forest guardians as a certain intruder, probable poacher and trespasser. Of that particular purley-man we can only say that many a hind had been missing that winter from the Kirkby keeper's walk, and that he went in a hurry. Fortuna gave him twenty pounds for his rights, such as they were, in the cottage; whose surroundings, as I have said, delighted her, perhaps because they offered such a likeness with such unlikeness to those of her moorland home.

The abbey of Newstead, situated at the head of the Leen valley and screened by thick woods, lies within the ancient limits of Sherwood; two miles off and just without those limits the rival house of Annesley stands conspicuous on its sylvan eminence. If we place ourselves in the valley between the two with Newstead on our right, Annesley on our left, the sun and the gently falling ground behind, the forward view is bounded by a somewhat singular escarpment, which springing from the heights above Annesley gradually sinks away and loses itself in the plantations of Newstead. Short as it is it goes under two names, the first and loftier portion being called the Robin Hood hills, the other the Mosley hills. It forms the southern edge of a plateau which is the most elevated as well as the most westerly part of old Sherwood, and which though long since brought under the plough still retains its old appellations of Kirkby Forest, Sutton Forest, Cock's Moor and the like. Its face is nicked at pretty regular intervals with gullies worn by rain-water dribbling down to feed the baby Leen at its base; and if it be allowed that the deeper and longer indentations of the Robin Hood hills divide them into something like the gouty misshapen fingers of a gigantic hand, those of their continuation, the Mosley hills, may be likened to the stumpy toes of an elephantine foot.

Fortuna's cottage was placed at a sort of corner formed by these Robin Hood hills and the southward-trending ridge from which they start, there narrowed to a mere neck; and thence it took its popular name of the Nook. It was by the side of the road to Mansfield, at the equal distance of about a mile and a half as the crow flies from Newstead, Annesley and Kirkby, a spectacular situation. To the south-east is the ancestral domain of the Byrons and the green valley backed by the hills of Arnold and Mapperley; to

the south the park of Annesley, a long incline open to the sun. North and north-east stretches the wind-swept plateau before spoken of; north-westward across the valley in which the Erewash takes its rise is the straight-backed hill whereon Kirkby-in-Ashfield is built, a long line of houses to which its steepled far-seen church stands fugleman. Beyond appear or disappear the dark ridges of the Derbyshire hills and moors, rank behind rank, dim and yet dimmer, until they mix with the clouds or are lost in the haze.

Now-a-days a couple of railway tunnels pierce the earth side by side just under the site of Fortuna's cottage, and many a smoke-spouting colliery is within view; but we must try to imagine a time when the soil was not troubled by these unresting ploughs, scored by these numerous roads and railways, bored by these mines, fenced off by these hedges, trodden by this busy multitude: a time when but for a few villages and the belt of cultivated land around each of them all that could be described from that elevated spot was wood or waste, moor or marsh; when roads there were none save a few untended tracks ill-fitted for wheeled traffic; when Sherwood, though its trees were fast falling into decay, still stretched from Worksop to Nottingham, unenclosed except land under the plough and a few parks, and ranged by many a hundred head of deer both red and fallow.

Press fully expected that Fortuna who was physically timid would have shrunk from remaining with so slender a household in so solitary a situation; but her mistress was sustained by what might have been thought the chief drain upon her strength and courage. On the day when she took possession she said again to her maid, and she looked down at the child on her knee:

"We have still a man in the house."

The house was so near the edge of the forest that it was doubtfully within or without it, perhaps both within and without. The encroachment, for such it was either on the roadside waste or the crown land, was regarded with much disfavor by the freeholders of Kirkby and the officers both of parish and forest. Fortuna received notices that her enjoyment of it would forthwith be disputed. She took no trouble to understand the drift of their phrasing, threats of presentment or indictment, bnt with the assurance of a perfect feminine ignorance tossed them aside and called in the joiner and bricklayer. She did far better than if she had called in the lawyer. For a party of impatient freeholders, accompanied by laborers armed with shovel, pickaxe and crowbar, set off that same day from Kirkby with the intention of settling the matter summarily by levelling the cottage with the ground. They had providently steeled their hearts beforehand against shrill female appeal and reproach, but they found the defence reinforced by a rough-tempered bricklayer and two stalwart assistants, a disconcerting contradiction of expectation. The bricklayer was cousin to one of them, more or less friendly with all, and they knew that he would fight more stubbornly to retain his job than they could on their consciences to deprive him of it. They returned to make the best of an abortive day at the "Blue Boy," and left him to finish digging out the foundations for an addition to the tenement. This was a parlor on the sunny side having a chamber over it for Fortuna, and divided from the older building by a passage, which had the staircase at one end and at the other a side door looking towards the road but opening into the garden. Fortuna's bold front and prescriptive right, the rivalry of claims and the uncertainty of the issue caused

a lowering of both the royal and the parochial pretensions. Thenceforth she was suffered to enjoy her encroachment in peace.

Press remained with her, angular, capable, untirable; as to her person tall and of a duskily sallow complexion, with a considerable moustache on her upper lip, and on her chin in promise of a beard a thick pencil of bristles stiffly upstanding from a large mole; which was the more noticeable that it was the almost universal fashion then for men to appear with their faces baby-smooth. In addition to her lady's-maidish accomplishments she could cook on occasion, could write legibly and keep accounts, so it may be wondered why she chose to administer the affairs of that lowly household, tend the child and oversee the rustic trollop who sluthered through the roughest of the work, rather than return to high life. It was not out of sentiment we may be sure; she was of that knotty hard-grained nature to which the weakness and the tenderness of such a feeling are alike alien. She herself put her decision and its motives barely and briefly before her mistress.

"I shall stop, ma'am, so long as you pay me my wages regular. My Lady Curzon has bespoke me if ever I want to better myself; but she's a tonguy woman, and there'd be so much ignorant cackle both up-stairs and down, and me with my mouth shut, locked up you might say, as you know why, that I couldn't abear it. I'd sooner suck-bottle babies and drive sluts for ever and ever, amen."

"Tut, tut, tut!" quoth the parrot. "Set thy cap straight, slut."

Press did not confine her attention to young Roland and the house; she took as particular care of her mistress's person and wardrobe as if that were her sole duty. She made it a point of honor to maintain the dressing of Fortuna's head and the decking of her robes at the very height of the mode. She was not a Catholic, but in an ordinary way was no church-goer. Before she took service with Fortuna she had been wont to say, "I can go to sleep at home without chilblaining my feet in winter or cricking my neck in summer; and I get my bellyfull of the curate's snuffle when he dines in the servants' hall." But now when the chief neighboring families were in residence she would trudge a couple of miles on pattens through snow or sludge, dust or mire, to the private chapel at Newstead or the parish church of Annesley in order to study fashion on the persons of the ladies of the Byron and Chaworth families and their visitors. I fear there was a grain of truth in that well-circulated slander of the farmer's wife at Annesley Woodhouse, Mrs. Radage, who had eyes behind her head; namely that during the service she took patterns of toupee and mantua under cover of her prayer-book. "I must keep my hand in, ma'am," she would say, "or else when you've done with me or I've done with you, as the case may be, I shan't be worth my salt and pepper to Lady Curzon or anybody else above a 'pothecary's dame." But on such attendances at church she was always very careful to enter late, sit at the back and go away early, lest she should be recognized by any of the gentlemen's gentlemen or ladies' ladies in waiting.

Her temper kept its tart equilibrium amid the baby's stomach-aches and teething and the maid's everlasting spillage and breakage, but suffered a conspicuous tilt when Fortuna persisted in hardening and reddening her fair hands with garden work. In vain the lady protested that she wore gloves; the answer was bitter and prompt:

"Your hands, ma'am, which I've kep' white as milk and tender as satin, 'ud feel the insult through a myriam pairs of gloves. I'm mortal sorry as our

roses and peaches, cauliflowers and salary has to come out of the filthy dirty ground, though I'm not saying them as made us don't know better than me. Anyhow bumpkins' work is no sport for gentlefolk; that I will maintain if I'm drownded for't like a witch or frizzled for't like a husband-poisoner. Gloves indeed! Pugh!"

"Eve helped Adam in the garden of Eden, as we know on Mr. Milton's high authority."

"They wasn't gentlefolk."

"They came of the best of parentage."

"If they'd been anything out o' the common, ma'am, they wouldn't have been so long finding out their need of mantua-maker and tailor nor been so easy satisfied with such a paltry makeshift. Fig leaves indeed! Ugh!"

"Tut, tut, tut!" quoth the parrot. "Smooth thy hair, slut."

In the front of the cottage, between it and the wild moor and facing the sun, there was a small plot of ground some twelve yards by twenty, which when Fortuna arrived was but a grass-grown waste, only distinguishable from the surrounding wilderness by its broken fence of oak loppings, its two or three holly-bushes and a grim yew-tree that filled one corner. For fifteen months Fortuna had thought of it as nothing but a rude untidy way to a gate through which she seldom passed and an outside world which she never visited. But on the first sunshiny day in her second February there her careless eye caught a peeping of white through the mat of brown twitch and bent. She carelessly stepped towards it, and found to her delight that it was the first snowdrop of the year in its new-born purity, surrounded by a family cluster of budlets and blue-green leaves. She put the grass aside with her hand that the youngling might the better taste the sun, and she cooed over it in the same tongue as to her own babe. She visited it many times that day and the following days. After half a week there was another snowdrop out, next day two more, and so on until there were a dozen of them, a little group of white sisters, one as perfect as another.

Having become aware that there are treasures hidden under mean appearances, she kept her eyes open. The very day on which she was mourning the damage wrought to her little white firstlings by a boisterous south-wester she found under the fence a yellow primrose. Soon the ground was starred with primroses. They appeared in the most unlikely places; there was a rosette of yellow-green foliage and sulphur-colored blooms in an old bottomless milk-pail; they peeped out of the stony ruins of a fallen wall which abutted on the house, lurked behind a rotting log, lined one side of the fence, lay at the foot of the stern old yew-tree as though it were their mother. She had not done wondering and searching and discovering these when some daffodils—there were three clumps of them—showed the color of their upright buds amid the delicate green. The buds swelled and drooped and swelled, slowly; so slowly that it seemed as though the heart of the parent plant were reluctant to give the world what hitherto it had hugged to itself. These flowers stood clear of the earth and added the third grace to the graces of form and hue—that of motion, as they swayed in the breeze.

One daffodil stood by itself, a single bud in the middle of the garden, and Fortuna looked with a tender eye upon its solitariness. It seemed to her that the coarse weeds and grasses threatened its prosperity with their encroaching rankness; she uprooted such as she could with her hands and cleared a space around it. In so doing she uncovered the just peeping shoots of she knew not what plant,

feeble yellowish spikes, inch-high. She called her landlady, who said that if they weren't stars of Bethlehem she did not know what they were. Stars of Bethlehem! a fanciful name suggestive of marvels. She felt that she was on the brink of a world of discoveries. The purley-man's wife with whom she took counsel fetched her from the wood-shed a rusty old stable fork wanting one of its four tines. With that unwieldy tool in her unpractised hands she entered on a toilsome campaign against the weeds, and that was the beginning of her gardening; wherein she soon took so much delight, that when the weather was fit she gave it almost all the daytime which was not claimed by her infant. Indeed she commonly combined the two occupations and had little Roland, who very early found his feet, out with her in the garden; where while she smoothed and planted he plucked and trampled.

But as the boy's sturdy limbs grew apace he became dissatisfied with the amusement of such easy destruction and the range of so narrow a plot. That part of the garden which now most interested him was the gate; upon which it would appear that his thoughts were fixed even when his eyes were turned away. For no sooner did his mother relax her oversight than he escaped into the adjacent wilderness; and if he had but half a minute's start there was much ado to find him among the heather, tall bracken and gorse. At last they took to securing the gate with a cord and blocking practicable gaps in the fence with old boxes; then for a while there was a sense of security within and without the cottage. The masterful child had perforce to be content with peeping through the bars of the gate at rabbits playing on the sward, at a goldfinch singing on a bush or a weasel passing on a stealthy errand of destruction. Often however his eyes would leave watching those near and little things to rest upon the sombre irregular line marked by the oaks of Newstead. What were his imaginings thereupon who shall say? Sometimes he would stand gazing mutely thus by half-hours at once; but if ever a herd of red deer came between he would turn his face for a moment towards the house and shout in much excitement, "Big yabbits, big yabbits!"

At length it occurred to him to climb the gate and fall down on the other side. To his surprise he did so quite easily. He at once made for the wood, and when after long search and much tearful anxiety on the women's part he was found there at fall of day by Jacob Caley, the Kirkby keeper, he was fraternizing with a party of charcoal-burners, whose sooty faces he contemplated with a horrified delight. After that nothing would have kept him at home but the rigor of shackles or locked doors. He almost lived in the forest, wandering there in all weathers, sometimes in the company of Jacob Caley, who took greatly to him and taught him woodcraft, but oftener alone and apparently unoccupied; though it may be surmised that all the while his brain was busily commenting on what his eyes saw and his ears heard. His mother had kept Astrology for him and he soon learnt to ride, but he early showed a preference for that form of progression which brought him nearest to the soil.

His book-learning meanwhile under his mother's direction made small progress, and indeed went little further than a slovenly reading and a scrawl which might just pass for writing. His religious instruction hardly went so far. He was brought up in a decent observance so far as was possible of the forms of his religion. Both mother and maid agreed that he could say his paternoster and Ave Maria with a little prompting at least a month earlier than the most preco-

cious of her cousin Stanford's ten. But Fortuna, ill instructed herself and without the help of any book but a breviary, was hardly competent for the simplest exposition of her faith's histories and mysteries, its awful inexplicabilities, saintly lives, heroic deaths, wonderful deliverances, terrible chastisements, glorious successes and failures. In merely attempting it she was probably as much a gainer as her child. Certainly she somewhat reformed the lax practice and speech, possibly the lax thinking, which she had learnt of a dissolute and irreligious society.

Of what she could thus teach her son she found him not altogether an indocile scholar, if only he was allowed sometimes to give his ear instead of his attention; but of outdoor things, wind and weather, tree and flower, the sentient occupants of earth, air and water, he acquired a mastery with such intuitive ease that he never knew when his ignorance passed into knowledge. The forest was an excellent book, a book in many volumes, offering much variety. By far the greater part of it was not woodland even then, perhaps never had been, and what timber there was was fast disappearing under the woodman's axe and the stealthier strokes of time; but there was still a middle strip pretty well wooded from Mansfield to within a few miles of Nottingham, comprising the great oak woods of Newstead and some smaller woods in the neighborhood, Thieves' Wood and the adjacent Harlow Wood, Sansom Wood, Hayward Oaks and Bestwood; while easily within the range of such an athlete as could run by the hour were the glories of the Birklands and Bilhagh, of Thoresby, Rufford and Welbeck. Yet perhaps the distinctive feature of that region was those open undulating breezy sandy tracts which surrounded and separated the woodlands, here yellow with gorse and broom, there purple with heather, yonder a rolling sea of bracken varying from a lusty green to a rich red-brown, or again an expanse of fine grass close-cropped by the deer, or all these in one. The underlying sand too would ever be peeping forth, not seldom became for a space greater or less its most prominent characteristic, whether naked or thinly interspersed with herbage; and here and there a gash in the surface laid bare the fundamental red rock. But whether sand or herbage, ling or wood, it was laced by many a green-margined clean-bottomed gently flowing brook, through whose clear waters trout and dace and gudgeon could be followed by the eye, whether they darted or were at rest; a pleasant country, though the farmers grumbled sorely at the havoc wrought on their crops by the king's uncontrollable deer, and moralists shook their heads over the temptation which those roving herds offered to the mean man, sportsman by nature but by fortune landless.

In the women's eyes the occasional rabbit or trout which Roland snared and brought to the pot was the only solid outcome of his rambles. But touching the vagabondage, the waste of time, the wetting, soiling or rending of clothes, Press had much more to say than his mother, whose bent was towards the gay and easily happy. In spite of her misfortune Fortuna showed an unclouded face to the daylight. As she had turned unruffled from a life of ease and honor to that discredited solitude, so she put by the book which Roland had thrown down, and after she had watched him out of sight went unconcernedly to her gardening, or the weather not permitting that, sat at her harp, or took up the dropped thread of her knotting or of Mr. Pope's *Dunciad* or the *Life and Actions of Jonathan Wild*, or taught her parrot a new phrase.

(To be continued.)

BERGSON AND THE MYSTICS.

During the past twelve months the philosophy of Henri Bergson has been discussed from many points of view; the value of its contribution to our understanding of biology, ethics, art, and social life has been carefully investigated. Yet, strangely enough, one group of phenomena, one type of activity on which it throws remarkable and unexpected light, has so far been left out of consideration. I mean that group of phenomena, that kind of life which by friends and enemies alike is generally called "mystical."

From the point of view of that normal consciousness which is characteristic of the average man, this group of phenomena seems perhaps not very important. For it, the mystic is either a remote, half-sacred figure, or the proper object of amused contempt; and this for the most natural of reasons. The reality of his life, since it baffles alike the analytic brain and busy tongue, he finds himself unable to communicate to us. Full though it be of high romance and radiant with a strange enticing beauty, it is yet known only in the living of it, like the passion of love. The mystic's "path is in the pathless; his trace is in the traceless"; and human intelligence ever tends to discredit all those experiences which its clumsy device of speech refuses to express, regardless of the fact that all life's finest moments are thereby excluded from participation in reality.

Now Bergson, as it seems to some of us, comes as a mediator between these inarticulate explorers of the Infinite and the map-loving human mind; since he offers to us, not the sharp conventional diagram of some older philosophies, but a fluid and living "scheme of things"—a teeming world of life, a complex realm of consciousness—and a way of looking at that world and that consciousness which, if we choose to employ it, opens to us new aspects of reality, new possibilities of attainment. Within the enriched and extended field of vision of which he makes us free, the shallow-soiled but highly-cultivated country of common sense looks astonishingly small. Above, about and beneath it is the wild unknown—world within world enshrined, of hidden rock and spring, thick jungle, star-swept spaces—full of incalculable possibilities, ablaze with hidden splendors. All those countless worlds were once within our reach, potential homes for us, had life chosen to cut her way to freedom by another path than this; had consciousness been focussed on some other aspect of many-edged reality. In such a universe the experience of the mystic, which is as much a fact as the experience of artist philosopher or practical man, cannot easily be discredited. He may be as rare as any other type of genius: but history forces us to admit that he represents a permanently recurrent variation of human consciousness; a variation which sees, and reacts to, the world, in another way than that which is roughly characteristic of the majority of men.

The mystics' way of seeing the world, if we trust their reports, is a larger way than that of humanity in general. As civilized man congratulates himself on the possession of a wider universe than that of the aboriginal savage, for whom the "flaming ramparts" are set up close beyond the fences of his tribal home; so the mystic knows himself free of a greater country, heir to a universe of deeper and richer significance than that which is accessible to the consciousness of the practical man. He tells us this in many different tongues, describes it un-

der symbols of various difficulty; but always with an accent of steady certitude and of exultant passion which is difficult to resist. He may say with Dionysius the Areopagite, that his exalted vision penetrates to "the Divine Dark which is an inaccessible light"; with Ruysbroeck that he has launched his spirit's ship upon "the vast and stormy sea of the divine"; with Richard Jefferies, that he has been "absorbed into the being or existence of the universe"; with Jacob Boehme, that "he has looked into the deepest foundations of things"; with Malaval, that "by one of love's secrets" he "penetrates the outer husk of creation to the divinity which is within"; or with Angela of Foligno, that he has "beheld a beauty so great that I can say nothing concerning it, save that I saw the Supreme Beauty which contains in itself all goodness."

Whether they use the language of religion, philosophy or art, these adventurers—and countless others who have shared their quest—would probably agree that this communion with Reality, this austere yet intimate experience which only paradox can express, was obtained by a change of attitude, a change of relation between the world and the self. The substance, and to some extent the method of their mystic vision was always that which St. Augustine has described to us in a celebrated passage of the "Confessions"—

"The mind withdrew its thoughts from experience, extracting itself from the contradictory throng of sensuous images, that it might find out what that Light was wherein it was bathed . . . and thus, with the flash of one hurried glance, it attained to the Vision of *That Which Is.*"

"If the mind turns from its ordinary preoccupation with material things," says, in effect, the greatest intellect of the 4th century, "it may, if only for an instant, catch a glimpse of undistorted reality." A long line of contemplatives have proved for themselves the truth of these words: more, that the "hurried glance" may learn to sustain itself, become the forerunner of a deeper, more permanent state of comprehension. Now, with the twentieth century, Bergson brings their principles and their practice into immediate relation with philosophy: telling us, in almost Augustinian language, how great and valid may be the results of that new direction of mental movement, that alteration and intensification of consciousness, which is the secret of artistic perception, of contemplation and of ecstasy.

"Our psychic life," he says, "may be lived at different heights, now nearer to action, now further removed from it; according to our *attention to life* . . . that which is usually held to be a greater complexity of the psychical life appears to us, from our point of view, to be a greater dilatation of the whole personality; which, normally screwed down by action, expands with the unscrewing of the vice in which it has allowed itself to be squeezed, and, always whole and undivided, spreads itself over a wider and wider surface."

In this dilatation of consciousness—released from its usual servitude to the "throng of sensuous images"—Bergson finds our only chance of "knowing reality"; the living, moving actuality of the Light wherein we are bathed. It is an act, he says, in which "will and vision become *one*," and here every mystic, knowing how intense must be the act of withdrawal by which he attains the contemplative state, would agree with him.

Only in such mystics is the faculty of intuition, that strange, hardly describable power of knowing by contact or self-mergence, heightened, steadied and controlled; till the hurried glance of Augustine becomes "the deep gaze of love from which nothing escapes," giv-

ing to its possessor a permanent consciousness of reality, raising the levels of his inner life. The great artist, whom Bergson holds the true knower of the Real, shares to some extent this mystic consciousness. He has "won the confidence of reality by long comradeship with its external manifestations," and, through and by those "sensuous images," has attained as it were a sacramental communion with Truth. The "thick veil" which hangs between our true selves and our consciousness is for him almost transparent. For the mystic it has been rent asunder, and he can enter his holy of holies whenever he will. Hence he is able, in a deeper sense than is possible to the artist, to unite himself with the very being of Reality; and so lives with a more intense existence than ordinary men are able to attain.

What then is the nature of the change which this immense development of intuition effects in the consciousness of the mystic? How can we actualize to ourselves the difference between his experience and that of ordinary men? Here again Bergson, in his general discussion of human consciousness, comes to help us with suggestions which place the situation in new light; and bring the strange adventures of the mystic into line with the rules which appear to govern the normal manifestations of man's psychic life.

"An intuition," he says first, "is nothing but a direction of movement: and although capable of infinite development, is simplicity itself." The mystic art, then, consists first in a direction of movement. That ceaseless change, that stream of consciousness which *is* our mental life, is turned a new way, orientated afresh. Thus its whole relations with the universe are changed: "the glory of the lighted mind" plays upon new, neglected levels of reality. Next, this alteration creates a "new" state of things, does not merely add something to the old. The perception which it brings is not put into a water-tight compartment, but invades and tinctures the whole of life; altering the quality or *intensity* of the self. The degree of that self's intensity is the governing factor in determining the world that it knows; as the personality is heightened, deeper and deeper layers of existence are revealed. This has always been the experience of the mystic. "All things were new," says George Fox of his hour of illumination, "and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter." "The same tree," says Blake, "may move one to tears of joy, and be to another only a green thing that stands in the way. The difference between the two is the difference between mystic and non-mystic vision: and this is simply a difference of *intensity*."

"The mystics," says Plotinus, anticipating the psychological conclusions of the newest philosophy, belong to "that race of divine men who through a more excellent power and with piercing eyes, acutely perceive the supernal light; to the vision of which they raise themselves up, above the clouds and darkness of the lower world, and there abidingly despise everything in these regions of sense. Having just such joy of that place, which is truly and properly their own, as he who after many wanderings is at length restored to his own country."

In his theory of rhythm, and his theory of the nature of mind, Bergson seems to offer us a hint as to the way in which this "more excellent power," this restoration to the country of the soul *non tantum cernendam sed et inhabitandam*, may be attained—*is* attained, in the case of those who possess mystical genius of a high type.

The soul, the total psychic life of man, he says, is something much greater than the little patch of con-

sciousness which most of us idly identify with "ourselves." It is like a sword; the "sword of the spirit." Only the point of that sword penetrates matter, sets up relations with it, and cuts the path through which the whole of life shall move. But behind this point of conscious mental activity is the whole weight and thrust of the unseen blade: that blade which is weapon and warrior in one. Long ages of evolution have tempered the point to the work demanded of it by daily life. In its ceaseless onward push it cuts in one direction only; through that concrete "world of things" in which man finds himself, and with which he is forced to deal. The brain, through which it acts, with which as it were its living point is shod, closes it in, limits and defines its operations: is on one hand a tool, on the other a screen. Had our development taken another path than that which we know and so easily accept as "natural," the matter of the brain, amenable as it is to the creative touch of life, might have become the medium by which we orientated ourselves to another world, perceived and expressed another order of reality.

Now in mystics we seem to have a fortunate variation of the race, in which just this thing has come about. They do not wear the mental blinkers which keep the attention of the average man focussed on one narrow path. Under the spur of their vivid faculty of intuition they "gather up all their being and thrust it forward"—the whole personality, not its sharp intellectual tip alone—on a new free path. Hence they live and move in worlds to us unrealized; see other aspects of the many levelled, many colored world of reality. They hear supernal harmonies to which we are deaf, are swept by unspeakable emotions, endure invasions from the transcendent sphere, against which we have raised the prudent earth-works of common sense. Born capable of a new attitude or, as we say, "with a mystical temperament," they have followed the trend of that attitude, and forced their mental machinery to accommodate itself to the new situation; followed "the Mystic Way," with all its hardships and rewards. Life, for them, is turned in a new direction. Urged by that intuition which is "nothing but a direction of movement," consciousness has changed; the brain has been forced to learn new movements, other than those which minister to the practical needs of physical life. The function of the brain, as Bergson has told us, is just this production of movement. It is the bridge between the soul and the outer world. It receives sensations; executes movements in response. It is a plastic machine; and those reactions which it performs most frequently soon make their mark, setting up habits of thought and perception which tend to easy, almost automatic accomplishment.

But the mystic has little use for those easy mental habits. With him, as with the artist, a hard-won innocence of eye must replace our common careless way of seeing things. "Our knowledge of things," says Bergson, "derives its form from our bodily functions and lower needs. . . . By unmaking that which these needs have made, we may restore to Intuition its original purity, and so recover contact with the Real." In the lives of the great mystics, we see just this business in progress. They are lives of great interior struggle; of psychic uproar; in which the deliberate unmaking of the old, holds as large a place as the emergence and training of the new.

We know how the time of adolescence in the normal human animal is a time of strain, of transmutation, rather than of steady growth. The universe of the child is then unmade, the uni-

verse of the man built up in its place. More, character itself goes into the melting pot, to submit to profound modifications as the passions of maturity emerge. The sword of the spirit turns in its sheath; personality is "new born." Now, the mystic is the adolescent of the infinite; and we find, when we come to study his life, just that process of path-cutting and transmutation in progress, which means that the enduring stream of ceaseless change which is his true existence—is, in its deepest sense, *himself*—has taken a new and difficult direction, instead of following the old easy channels appropriate to those who understood as a child and knew in part. The crisis which begins his new career—initiates his consciousness of reality—is often called by him "new birth," so fresh and strange it seems. The first hurried glance at *That Which Is* was but the path-finder on a way along which the totality of his life is bound to move. At first, that new movement must be at the expense of great effort. Strange, difficult acts are required; old habits are useless—worse, are in the way.

This interior struggle of re-adjustment, the necessity of which is thus demonstrated by the Bergsonian psychology, is well known to the mystics. They call it the "Way of Purgation;" one of the three great arbitrary divisions in which they split up the continuous sweep of their life, its indivisible movement towards Freedom and Reality. They give us many vivid pictures of its stress and turmoil, in which we can almost see spirit—at once free in essence and fettered in fact—at her life-long work of twisting matter, in this case the matter of that physical body by which she deals with the physical world, to her own high purposes. Often the physical body of the mystic suffers pain and illness under the stress and violence with which spirit attacks its task; a task for which edifying reasons are often adduced, but which is really conditioned by the psychological necessity of "restoring intuition to its original purity," so that, in the words of an old English contemplative, "vanity spised and spurned, to truth unpartingly we draw."

The stream of life, then—free, eager, and creative—is forced by the mystic into a special channel: his *élan vital* is set towards a special end. The brain, that "instrument of oblivion," is compelled in the interests of his peculiar vocation to forget much that it usually remembers; to remember much that it usually forgets. Another Bergsonian simile here comes to throw light upon the situation. The intellect, he has said, is like a cinematograph. It is selective rather than receptive; moving at a certain pace, a certain rhythm, it takes a series of snapshots of the continuous flux of reality through and with which it moves. The question of what snapshots it takes, what bits of reality it picks out and perceives, will depend upon the relation between its rhythm and the rhythmic flow of other aspects of the flux. The wider the rhythm and higher the tension of the perceiving consciousness—the longer its time-span or its "Now"—the larger will be the aspects of reality received. It is only thanks to the comparatively long rhythm, the high tension of human consciousness, that we receive under the synthetic forms of light and sound the incredibly rapid rhythms of the physical world. An alteration in the pace of our mental cinematograph would give us, as the result of those same physical movements, not light or sound, but some other thing unknown and unconceived.

All extensions, then, of the rhythm, all increase of the intensity, at which our psychic life proceeds, tend to give us reality in larger slices: make us capable of a higher synthetic act. The great man, or great mind, which can

dominate life, is one who gathers up into the unity of an extended rhythm —perceives all at once—a vast number of smaller events and things which seem separate to other men. So the great seer or prophet transcends the common time-span, and perceives events in a wide and comprehensive vision. "Would not the whole of history," says Bergson, "be contained in a very short time for a consciousness at a higher degree of tension than our own; which should watch the development of humanity while contracting it, so to speak, into the great phases of its evolution?" Such a sentence as this casts sudden light on St. Thomas' definition of the Beatific Vision as a "participation of Eternity," or Ruysbroeck's deep saying of God, that "He contemplates Himself and all things in an Eternal Now, wherein the past and future have no place." It helps us, too, to understand that "experience of eternity," that "timelessness" which the mystic always reports as a characteristic of this ecstatic contemplation of Deity. In such ecstasies, his tension is so high, his "Now" is so different from the "Now" of ordinary human consciousness,—it embraces in its sweep so much greater a field—that he can only describe it as "partaking of the character of Eternity."

O abbondante grazia, ond' io presunsi
ficcar lo viso per la luce eterna
tanto che la veduta vi consunsi!
Nel suo profondo vidi che s'interna,
legato con amore in un volume,
ciò che per l'universo si squaderna;
Sustanzia ed accidenti, e lor costume,
quasi confiati insieme per tal modo,
che ciò ch'io dico è un semplice lume.

It may well come about that the commentator of the future will interpret this great passage—more, the whole canto from which it is taken—in terms not far removed from the positions of the Bergsonian philosophy.

There is another aspect of the mystic experience which is lit for us by this concept of life as movement, and rhythm and pace as controlling factors of our apprehension of reality. The idea of *rest*, Bergson has told us, is an illusion: the static world, the static *thing*, exists only for the human intelligence, which always "kills the thing it loves" in order to examine it at its ease. We pin the butterfly of life upon paper, arrange it with careful art, and then congratulate ourselves upon its natural appearance. But the reality, the "essential being" of the butterfly, its movement which was its life, evaporated at the touch of paper and pin. Life,—physical, mental or spiritual life—slips through our clever fingers when we try to catch it: and all that remains on our hands, all that we pin to the paper, is the empty husk we call Science, Metaphysics, or Theology. The reality of which these things are the outward sign, is "in a state of flux," to adopt the classic phrase of Heracleitus. The indivisible continuity, the "duration through change" of the self, is but a microcosm of the ever-moving, never-resting Universe. The illusion of "rest" is produced when we, and the object on which our attention is fixed, are moving at the same pace, as when two railway trains run side by side: for consciousness of movement is only possible to us through conciousness of changed relation. So in the mental world; the rhythm or motion of the things we apprehend is only realized by us in its contrast to the rhythm or pace of apprehending mind. All movements slower than our own are imperceptible by us: such is the gentle, ceaseless change which constitutes the growth of animal and plant.

When we apply this line of thought to our study of the mystics, we find that a new and bright light is cast upon certain of their more paradoxical utterances. We know that in describing his contemplative experience, the

mystic perpetually resorts to the ideas of stillness, quiescence, immobility, to express—not only his own state—but also that of the Divine Truth which he declares himself to perceive. He says with Plotinus, that "being in an ecstasy or energizing enthusiastically, he became established in a quiet or solitary union; not at all deviating from his own essence, nor revolving about himself, but being entirely stable, and becoming as it were stability itself." The active minds of busy modern men have not been slow to criticize such declarations. In particular, adherents of the new philosophy have made haste to discredit that "Unchanging Unity" "stability itself," which the mystics persistently describe. Yet a little reflection on their own first principles might well give pause to these hurried iconoclasts. If the mystic does, as he declares, change the quality of consciousness by his art of contemplation—and change it in a sense which makes him free of the wider world which is "transcendent" to ordinary men—this must mean that he effects a change of rhythm, an alteration of spiritual pace, which makes his consciousness approximate more closely to the "pace" of the supernal sphere. Each such approximation brings him nearer to the "illusion of stillness." Should his rhythm actually become that of the Reality he perceives, should he attain to that mystic surrender in which the fidgeting to and fro of his individual mind is merged in the great movement of the Whole, it will seem to him that his own spirit and the Reality which sustains it, are both "at rest." He will then say with Ruysbroeck that he "dwells altogether in restful fruition"—"that simple and unchanging condition" says Tauler, "wherein if a man truly enters, he feels that he has been throughout eternity." So Jelalu d'Din—

Eternal life, for me, is the time of union;
Because time, for me, hath no place there.

"I am immersed in the Godhead like a fish in the sea," says Mechthild of Hackborn in a sudden illuminating image: moving with the great flux of things, yet peacefully supported on its tide.

More, this consciousness of tranquillity is reflected back by the mystic to the Divine Reality in which he feels himself to be immersed. Since he is, as he says, "in union" with it—moves with its movements, and works its will—it seems to him—as the twisting world seems to our normal senses, to be indeed at rest. Hence comes a persistently static element in the highest of man's apprehensions of God. "*Semper agens, semper quietus!*" cried Augustine. "He is Very Rest," said Julian of Norwich. "I beheld a Thing as fixed and stable as it was indescribable," says Angela of Foligno, "and more than this I cannot say, save what I have often said already; namely that all was good." This paradox of the spiritual consciousness has forced the theologians to many an ingenious diagram, many an airy argument. Had they taken their departure from psychology instead of metaphysics, it might more easily have been explained. Almost alone amongst mystical writers, the extraordinary genius of Ruysbroeck seems to have grasped something of the meaning of this dual vision of Reality: as life, change, Becoming; and as Being, fruition, rest. "Tranquillity according to His essence, activity according to His nature: perfect stillness, perfect fecundity"—this, he says is the two-fold character of Deity; rather, the two-fold character of our knowledge of Deity. The first is the experience of the great mystic in his hours of ecstatic contemplation, when his little rhythm is merged in the great rhythm of the transcendent world: when the soul, in Boehme's words, "joins hands

and dances with Sophia the Divine Wisdom." The second is the more normal experience of a consciousness, mystically perceptive it is true, but in whom the friction of individual life, the fret of personal activity, preserves the sense of movement, work and change. "He is active in all loving work, for he sees his rest. He is a pilgrim, for he sees his country. For love's sake he strives towards victory, for he sees his crown." This striving, this implicitly active aspect of the mystic life, is persistently denied by the enemies of mysticism. Yet here it is that we see the *élan vital* at work, ceaselessly moving towards the high levels of reality.

What that reality is, that completed life of freedom, which is spirit's aim and ideal, we shall never know, says Bergson, by the busy exercise of thought; but only in that "Free Act" in which we gather up all our being and thrust it forward towards worlds unknown. If this be so, then surely the mystic, most intrepid of voyagers upon the strangest of seas, must take a high place amongst the readers of the Riddle of the World. We have seen that his "contemplation" is little else than a disciplined and developed intuition: Augustine's "flashing hurried glance" held steady by the educated will. The direction of his movement, the intention of his ceaseless change is towards that freedom, that capacity for creation which Bergson holds out to us as the objective of the spirit of life. He is an initiate of that Whole wherefrom we subtract those partial aspects of reality which we label Beauty or Truth. He knows it by being; by the conformity of his rhythm with the great rhythm of the All. "Pilgrimage to the place of the wise," says Jelalu'd'-Din, "is to find escape from the flame of separation"—to merge the discrete world of appearance in the continuous flux of that one Reality which discloses itself to us as Spirit, Matter, Life. Here the ideals of the new philosopher and the far-off mystic coincide; each reinforcing and affirming—one by the gift of experience, the other by that of interpretation — humanity's growing vision of That Which Is.

Evelyn Underhill.

The English Review.

THE NOVELS OF GEORGE GISSING. *

Let any one who has spent his life in writing novels consider the day which has now arrived for George Gissing. The fruit of his life stands before us—a row of red volumes. If they were biographies, histories, books about books even, or speculations upon money or the course of the world there would be no need for the peculiar shudder. But they bear titles like these—"Denzil Quarrier," "Born in Exile," "New Grub Street"; places and people that have never existed save in one brain now cold. They are only novels. It seems that there is genuine cause for shuddering when one's work takes this form. Dead leaves cannot be more brittle or more worthless than things faintly imagined—and that the fruit of one's life should be twelve volumes of dead leaves! We have one moment of such panic before the novels of George Gissing, and then we rise again. Not in our time will they be found worthless.

An interesting letter to Mr. Clodd was printed the other day. In it Gissing wrote:—

* "The Odd Women." "Eve's Ransom." "The Whirlwind." "The Unclassed." "The Emancipated." "In the Year of Jubilee." "Denzil Quarrier." "Human Odds and Ends." By George Gissing. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. net each.)

By the bye, Pinker has suggested to me that he should try to get all my works into the hands of some one publisher. I should like this, but I have a doubt whether the time has come yet. There is a curious blending of respect and contempt in the publishers' minds towards me, and I should like to see which sentiment will prevail. If the contempt, one must relinquish ambitions proved to be idle, and so attain a certain tranquillity—even if it be that of the workhouse. I was always envious of workhouse folk; they are the most independent of all.

Respect has prevailed; Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson reprint the eight later works both well and cheaply. One, "Born in Exile," is to be bought upon railway bookstalls for sevenpence. Nevertheless it is his own word "respect" that seems to describe the attitude of the public towards him; he is certainly not popular; he is not really famous. If we may guess at the destiny of this new edition, we can imagine that it will find its way to houses where very few novels are kept. Ordinary cultivated people will buy them of course; but also governesses who scarcely ever read; mechanics; working men who despise novels; dons who place him high among writers of English prose; professional men; the daughters of farmers in the North. We can imagine that he is the favorite novelist of a great many middle-aged, sceptical, rather depressed men and women who when they read want thought and understanding of life as it is, not wit or romance. In saying this we are saying also that Gissing does not appeal to a great multitude; the phrase "life as it is" is always the phrase of people who try to see life honestly and find it hard and dreary. Other versions of life they reject. They are not, perhaps, in the majority, but they form a minority that is very respectable, and perhaps increasing.

If this is at all true of his readers, what shall we say of the writer himself? There is a great difference between writing and reading, and Gissing was a born writer. When a novelist has been dead for some years and his books are gathered together we want as far as possible to stand where he stood; not to be moved by one character or one idea, but to grasp his point of view. His books are very sad; that is the first thing that strikes the reader. The ordinary excitement of guessing the end is scarcely to be indulged in. Conceive the most gloomy, yet natural, conclusion to every complexity, and you are likely to be right. He had, as most novelists have, one great theme. It is the life of a man of fine character and intelligence who is absolutely penniless and is therefore the sport of all that is most sordid and brutal in modern life. He earns, perhaps, a pound a week. He has thrown up his job in an office because an editor has accepted one of his stories. He marries a woman of some refinement; they live in a couple of rooms somewhere off the Tottenham Court-road. In a short time they cannot pay the rent; they move; they sell pieces of furniture; they live off tea and bread and butter; then his books go; all day long, in spite of headache and sore throat, in bitter fog and clinging mist, the wretched man has to spin imaginary loves and imaginary jests from his exhausted brain. He has the additional agony of loving good writing; he can lose himself still in dreams of the Acropolis or in argument about Euripides. His wife leaves him, for the dirt repels her; at last his stuff has become too poor even to sell, and he dies knowing himself beaten on every hand.

Many readers, happily, rebound from their depression when the end is reached, exclaiming, "After all, this is only one side." There are quantities of people who have enough money to

avoid these horrors; a few who can command luxury. But what Gissing proves is the terrible importance of money, and, if you slip, how you fall and fall and fall. With learning, sensitive feelings, a love of beauty both in art and in human nature—all the qualities that generally (one hopes) keep their possessor somehow afloat—he descended to the depths where men and women live in vast shoals without light or freedom. What a strange place it is—this Nether World! There are women as brutal as savages, men who are half animals, women still preserving some ghost of love and pity, men turning a stunted brain upon the problems of their lot. All the things that grow fine and large up here are starved and twisted down there; just as the squares and parks, and the houses standing separate with rooms measured off for different occupations, are shrivelled into black alleys, sooty patches of green, and sordid lodging-houses, where there is shelter, but only the shelter that pigs or cows have, not room for the soul. Without money you cannot have space or leisure; worse than that, the chances are very much against your having either love or intelligence.

Many writers before and after Gissing have written with both knowledge and sympathy of the poor. What, after all, is more stimulating to the imagination than the sight of great poverty or great wealth? There was Mrs. Gaskell, for instance, and Dickens; a score of writers in our own day have studied the conditions of their lives. But the impressive part about Gissing is that knowing them as he did he makes no secret of the fact that he hated them. That is the reason why his voice is so harsh, so penetrating, so little grateful to the ears. Can any one hate poverty with all their soul who does not hate the poor? "Some great and noble sorrow," he writes, "may have the effect of drawing hearts together, but to struggle against destitution, to be crushed by care about shillings and sixpences . . . that must always degrade." There is no sentimentalism about the fundamental equality of men in his works. Adela Mutimer in "Demos," gazing at her husband's face opposite her, ponders thus; Gissing must often have thought the same:—

> It was the face of a man by birth and breeding altogether beneath her.
>
> Never had she understood that as now; never had she conceived so forcibly the reason which made him and her husband and wife only in name. Suppose that apparent sleep of his to be the sleep of death; he would pass from her consciousness like a shadow from the field, leaving no trace behind. Their life of union was a mockery; their married intimacy was an unnatural horror. He was not of her class, not of her world; only by violent wrenching of the laws of nature had they come together. She had spent years in trying to convince herself that there were no such distinctions, that only an unworthy prejudice parted class from class. One moment of true insight was worth more than all her theorizing on abstract principles. To be her equal this man must be born again, of other parents, in other conditions of life. . . . She had no claims to aristocratic descent, but her parents were gentlefolk; that is to say, they were both born in a position which encouraged personal refinement rather than the contrary, which expected of them a certain education in excess of life's barest need, which authorized them to use the service of ruder men and women in order to secure to themselves a margin of life for life's sake. Perhaps for three generations her ancestors could claim so much gentility; it was more than enough to put a vast gulf between her and the Mutimers. Favorable circumstances of upbringing had endowed her with delicacy of heart and mind not inferior to that of any woman living;

mated with an equal husband, the children born of her might hope to take their place among the most beautiful and the most intelligent. And her husband was a man incapable of understanding her idlest thought.

It would have been so much easier to lessen the gulf; so much more graceful to waive the advantages of three generations of gentle birth. But to hate the vices of the poor is the way to incite the best kind of pity. The measure of his bitterness is the measure of his love of good.

But there is nothing surprising in the fact that Gissing was never popular. However harsh and censorious people are in their daily actions, they do it unofficially as it were; they shrink from any statement of the creed that makes them act thus. In fiction particularly, which is a relaxation, like golf, they detest anything severe. It is part of their enjoyment to see others looking rosy and thus to feel somewhat rosier themselves. Gissing had no sympathy whatever with this common weakness. "No, no," he makes Biffen say in "New Grub Street," "let us copy life. When the man and woman are to meet for the great scene of passion, let it all be frustrated by one or other of them having a bad cold in the head, and so on. Let the pretty girl get a disfiguring pimple on her nose just before the ball at which she is going to shine. Show the numberless repulsive features of common decent life. Seriously, coldly; not a hint of facetiousness, or the thing becomes different." The novel that Biffen wrote on these lines is, of course, a failure, and eventually he takes his own life upon Putney Heath.

The reader, then, whose pleasure it is to identify himself with the hero or heroine, and to feel in some strange way that he shares their virtues, is completely baffled. His natural instinct is to find fault with the cynicism of the writer. But Gissing is no cynic; the real cynics are the writers who have a trivial merry view of life, and make people easily content and drugged with cheap happiness. What good Gissing finds in human beings is absolutely genuine, for it has stood such tests; and the pleasures he allows them, the pleasures of reading, companionship, and a few comfortable evenings, glow with a warmth as of red-hot coals. His work has another quality that does not make for popularity either. His men and women think. When we seek the cause of his gloom is it not most truly to be found there? Each of the people who from one cause or another has to suffer the worst bruises in the Nether World is a thinking creature, capable not only of feeling, but of making that feeling part of a view of life. It is not gone when the pain is over, but persists in the form of melancholy questionings. What is to be said for a world in which there is so much suffering? By itself this peculiarity is enough to distinguish Gissing's characters from those of other novelists. There are characters who feel violently; characters who are true types; witty characters, bad ones, good ones, eccentric ones, buffoons; but the thinking man has seldom had justice done to him. The great advantage of making people think is that you can describe other relationships besides the great one between the lover and the beloved. There is friendship, for instance; the relationship that is founded on liking the same books, or sharing the same enthusiasms; there is a relationship between one man and men in general. All these, it seems to us, Gissing has described with extraordinary fineness. It is out of these relationships that he makes the texture of his works. Loves have exploded; tragedies have fired up and sunk to ashes; these quiet, undemonstrative feelings between one man and another, one woman and another, persist; they

spin some kind of thread across the ravages; they are the noblest things he has found in the world.

Naturally Gissing practised what is generally called the English method of writing fiction. Instead of leaping from one high pinnacle of emotion to the next, he filled in all the adjoining parts most carefully. It is sometimes very dull. The general effect is very low in tone. You have to read from the first page to the last to get the full benefit of his art. But if you read steadily the low almost insignificant chapters gather weight and impetus; they accumulate upon the imagination; they are building up a world from which there seems to be no escape; violence would have the effect of an escape. But thus it comes about that it is difficult to point to any scene or passage and demand admiration. Do we even single out one character among all his men and women to be remembered? He has no Jane Eyres, no Uncle Tobys. But here is a passage that is characteristic of his terse workmanlike prose, glowing at the heart with a kind of flameless fire:—

Manor Park Cemetery lies in the remote East-end, and gives sleeping places to the inhabitants of a vast district. . . . The regions around were then being built upon for the first time; the familiar streets of pale, damp brick were stretching here and there, continuing London, much like the spreading of a disease. Epping Forest is near at hand, and nearer the dreary expanse of Wanstead Flats.

Not grief but chill desolation makes this cemetery its abode. A country churchyard touches the tenderest memories, and softens the heart with longing for the eternal rest. The cemeteries of wealthy London abound in dear and great associations, or at worst preach homilies which connect themselves with human dignity and pride. Here on the waste limits of that dread East, to wander among tombs is to go hand in hand with the stark and eyeless emblem of mortality; the spirit fails beneath the cold burden of ignoble destiny. Here lies those who were born for toil; who, when toil has worn them to the uttermost, have but to yield their useless breath and pass into oblivion. For them is no day, only the brief twilight of a winter sky between the former and the latter night. For them no aspiration; for them no hope of memory in the dust; their very children are wearied into forgetfulness. Indistinguishable units in the vast throng that labors but to support life, the name of each, father, mother, child, is as a dumb cry for the warmth and love of which Fate so stinted them. The wind wails above their narrow tenements; the sandy soil, soaking in the rain as soon as it has fallen, is a symbol of the great world which absorbs their toil and straightway blots their being.

We are in the habit of throwing faults upon the public as though it were a general rubbish heap, for it cannot bring an action for libel. But to be unpopular is a sign that there is something wrong, or how have the classics come to be the classics? Gissing's public we believe to be a very good public, but it leaves out much that is good in the great public. The reason is that he wrote his best only when he was describing struggles and miseries and noble sufferings like those we have dwelt upon above. Directly he dealt with men and women living at ease he lost his grip; he did not see; directly he changed his sober prosaic prose for a loftier style he was without merit. He had a world of his own as real, as hard, as convincing as though it were made of earth and stone—nay, far more so—but it was a small world. There is no such place as "the" world; no such life as "life as it is." We need only consider the result of reading too much Gissing; we want another world; we take down "Evan Harrington." Which is true—that misery, or this magnificence? They are both true;

everything is true that can make us believe it to be true. Beauty beyond all other beauty, horror beyond all other horror still lie hidden about us, waiting for some one to see them. The thing that really matters, that makes a writer a true writer and his work permanent, is that he should really see. Then we believe, then there arise those passionate feelings that true books inspire. Is it possible to mistake books that have this life for books without it, hard though it is to explain where the difference lies? Two figures suggest themselves in default of reasons. You clasp a bird in your hands; it is so frightened that it lies perfectly still; yet somehow it is a living body, there is a heart in it and the breast is warm. You feel a fish on your line; the line hangs straight as before down into the sea, but there is a strain on it; it thrills and quivers. That is something like the feeling which live books give and dead ones cannot give; they strain and quiver. But satisfactory works of art have a quality that is no less important. It is that they are complete. A good novelist, it seems, goes about the world seeing squares and circles where the ordinary person sees mere storm-drift. The wildest extravagance of life in the moon can be complete, or the most shattered fragment. When a book has this quality it seems unsinkable. Here is a little world for us to walk in with all that a human being needs. Gissing's novels seem to us to possess both these essential qualities—life and completeness—and for these reasons we cannot imagine that they will perish. There will always be one or two people to exclaim, "This man understood!"

The Times.

THE TOLL OF THE SEA.

A wide country; a country of big fields and little stunted trees, of low rolling hills and white-washed cottages, whose doors open on to the street. Of towns paved with cobble stones, through which on Saturdays surge flocks of heavy woolled sheep, herds of brown cattle; but a country of the wind—cold, biting, furious.

No soft, sensuous wind of the west, this, to lure men to ease and forgetfulness; that, safe hidden in a Devon combe, they may forget their falls and failures in the honey scent of the gorse, the perfume of the heather, the languid languorous heat of the sun.

But rather a wind, laden with salt of the German Ocean; freezing and drying all softness, dampness out of earth and sky, before whose blast the weak-kneed and degenerate bow themselves as sheaves of corn at the putting in of the sickle. But the country that wind blows upon breeds men.

It blew hard one March afternoon, when the buds were waging unequal warfare between the rising force of the sap within them, and the deadly peril of the cold without. But the man and woman standing on the hilltop paid small heed to it, the woman was born and bred in this country, the wind was her earliest, oldest, playmate, the man was a sailor, and the wind was part of his life.

"We ought to go back now, your train is at 5.15," said the woman.

"Right, Marjorie." He turned with a sigh. "Heigho! Leave is good. We have had a rattling time together; you'll miss the hunting when you follow the ship, sweetheart?"

The woman looked up; gray eyes met blue in steady, direct gaze:

"That will be all right," the voice was clear, rather low. The man smiled, and his hand closed on the hand hanging by his side; the girl looked up

again, but this time a twinkle lay in the clear gray eyes, with the deep black pupils.

"But you want to go, Ralph?"

"Yes, sweetheart, I do want to go. It is new work and I am lucky to be taken for it." He spoke in certain assurance that this woman, his woman, would know what work meant to a man. He threw back his head, straightening his shoulders; a tall well-built figure of a man: long of limb, deep of chest. In thought he was already back in the dockyard, waging the eternal warfare of the zealous officer against the incompetent and peculiarly unzealous official.

"Ralph, come on; you will certainly lose your train."

An hour later the man was steaming to London, where he spent the night. In the morning, falling amongst friends, he descended to Portsmouth 'midst clouds of smoke and a rain of technicalities, through which the battle of the large versus the small ship was discussed, and the fate of several exalted persons, including admirals, ultimately settled.

The woman was left on the platform of a North Country station to watch the train round the curve of the line, then to go back to an old gray rectory set in a high-walled garden, where in the summer the Annunciation lilies bloom betwixt clumps of lavender, and white butterflies and brown bumblebees take their fill of sunshine and sweetness. Now the garden was bare, still in its winter livery of browns and purples. In the porch her mother was rearranging the pots of ferns, just brought in from their airing on the lawn. A man six feet in height and of great thickness turned in his saddle as she swung up the drive.

"Gone, Marjorie?" he said.

"Gone, doctor. You're not going, too?"

"I am just off. Sailors are not the only men who work, my dear lady. And you"—keen, brown eyes searched her face, softening wonderfully in the process, and were satisfied—"you will have to fold your hands and wait, as better women have done before you."

The brown mare was kindly, but firmly, turned from her pessimistic search for nourishment in the branches of the leafless lilac, to set her face to the hills. The doctor with a big practice in the county of broad acres can not expect to finish his rounds by half-past five in the afternoon.

"I shan't fold my hands, anyway," Marjorie called; and the rider turned to show a flash of white teeth under a brown moustache.

Marjorie Henley's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been rectors of Kirkham, with big and little tithes and glebe land. Before that Henleys had lived at Kirkham Hall, had ridden to hounds with the best, and drunk with the worst. The one occupation may have corrected the other, but nothing affected the family constitution, nor, it may be added, the family will and temper reproduced by each generation in an increased form. Four generations back two men of the name met one morning in a wood wedged between the wolds. One was buried in Kirkham Churchyard the same day, and one fled abroad to eat his heart out in remorse (for the love of brothers is something stronger than a man's temper) and hungry longing for the cry of the hounds and the sound of the horn. And, as circumstances will sometimes twist a man's temper, so where he formerly loved red he will now incline to blue: so Roger Henley, hardest rider, deepest drinker in the East Riding, brought up his son in the narrowest tenets of the Evangelical school. Later he hounded him, willy nilly, first into taking orders, then into accepting the family living. On his deathbed Roger left

Kirkham Hall to a cousin, for fear, he said, that wealth should prove a like temptation to his son as to himself. Unlike most old properties, Kirkham was not entailed, nor could the almost heart-broken family lawyer claim that Squire Henley was of other than sound mind when he made the will. The cousin sold the hall into alien hands.

Heaven may forgive Roger Henley, thought he undoubtedly tried to save his own soul at the expense of another's, but the Henleys never will. Thus Henleys were born, lived, laughed, suffered, and died under the shadow of the gray church tower. Henley after Henley stood in the black Jacobean pulpit and taught their flocks as laid down in the Book of Common Prayer. For they were a simple race, friendly alike to man and beast, happiest when on top of a horse. Once again nature was strong—too strong for Roger Henley, who, out of the bitterness of his temper, would have turned his race from the lines in which their lives had lain to walk in alien paths.

For the countryside still looked on the Henleys as squires as well as parsons. Alien dwellers at the hall received but the bare, stiff civility that is ever the portion of the stranger and interloper.

Ralph Linton was the late vicar's godson, and had spent the six weeks of his long leave hunting with Marjorie. But when the engagement was announced the neighborhood said "they didn't know who he was," and "Marjorie might have married one of her own people."

Little Marjorie cared. That Yorkshire was the only county in England, the East Riding the only Riding in which one could live with any hope of solid happiness, and Kirkham the only place that spelt home, were the three main articles of every Henley's creed. Marjorie Henley was ready, yea, willing to abandon all these things, for the power of a great love was upon her. She had given her heart to a sailor, a man belonging to the most exacting service on earth—a service that, taking nine-tenths of a man's heart and life, leaves but a remnant to his wife on condition "that, forsaking all other, she cleave to him only." Her own people and her father's house were best forgotten by a sailor's wife.

. . . . . .

Overhead, the peerless, crystal stillness of an early morning in summer; the long green line of the Hampshire coast, the straggling white houses behind Stoke's Bay. The foreshortened disjoined lines of mast, funnel, and hull of the mother ship growing clearer, stronger, bolder in effect as the light strengthened; the soft purples and grays of the island forming the touch of dark tone which pulled the whole landscape together. Below, a narrow gray tube, cigar-shaped in form, filled at one end with two long high-polished cylinders, the torpedo tubes; at the other, with a mass of machinery, the petrol and electric motor engines. In the centre, open space, save for the long tube of the periscope running down vertically from overhead to the deck of the submarine. The sides of the submarine were a mass of curving tubes and what appeared to be small chests, but were really tanks to be filled or emptied, as the submarine wished to dive below the water or be raised above the surface of the waves.

Linton was bending over the mirror of the periscope when a lieutenant stepped forward.

"Linton, there's another boat coming our way, I hear the engines."

"My dear chap, rot!"

"What's happened to N23, then? Can you see her?"

"No, but she has probably gone down the coast a bit. Your liver is out of

order, De Saumarez. No boat would dive near us. Why—ha!"

On their ears broke the faint thud, thud of engines working at some distance.

"Talk about fools! Put her about!"

Once a submarine has dived her only link with the world is the mirror of her periscope. Of the world about, and not above her, she has no knowledge at all. A dull thud, the sound of swiftly receding engines.

"What's the damage?"

The question came short and sharp. At the best the blows must have badly bent the door through which the torpedo tubes were shot. At the worst——

"'Inge cracked off the torpedo-tube door, sir."

"Very good," was the tranquil answer. "Take three men to shore up the door! Put on the pumps."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Slowly through the leak bubbled and gurgled an ever-increasing flow of water the death bringer, filtering through the torpedo tubes, spreading swiftly over the deck.

If the electric batteries were swamped——

Then every man toiling at the pumps, fighting for life against death, knew what would, what must happen. No clean death in the open air this, but the ever-increasing torture of suffocation—slow poisoning by the fumes of chloric gas. Yet Linton's orders were as quietly given; the crew, whether at the pumps or working to shore up the fractured door, went about their business with the same unhurried energy, as if no vision of darkness, or choking death were before their eyes. Twice had Linton endeavored to bring the boat to the surface; twice had he failed. The weight of the inrushing water and the insufficiency of air pressure made it impossible to raise her. Linton knew too, that even if successful he could not hope to do more than bring the conning-tower to the surface, and to open the conning-tower would let in so much broken water, that the boat would be at the bottom before one man had escaped. Already the air was suffocatingly impure and thick. Now the fumes of the chloric gas became increasingly evident. The men panting at their work, the sweat pouring from their faces, eyed him—dumb, despairing, as a starving dog looks in a man's face. One man fainted, and fell an untidy heap by the air-lock.

One more hope remained. As Linton turned to give the order for the diving helmets, a bluejacket's face caught his eye—almost a lad, and young for the work. The astonished, wondering gaze in his eyes—gray, Irish eyes—recalled Marjorie—Marjorie in a white satin frock at the hunt ball, looking gravely into her lover's face as he spake to her of his love.

The fumes of the chloric gas grew stronger. Linton pulled at his soaking collar with wet fingers. Air, sunlight, Marjorie! A wild desire to fight, to hold his own life, obsessed him.

"It's no good, sir. The water is coming in worse than ever. We can do nothing."

Linton turned. Gone was the primæval coward fiercely demanding his life, his love, wiped from his mind by the iron hand of discipline; remained, the clear concentrated brain of the naval officer, the quick power of unalterable decision of the man, to whom the acceptance of responsibility is not a habit, but from long training an instinct.

The next minute the order for the diving helmets was passed. In five minutes a line of queer, misshapen figures stood in front of Linton; each with a round bullet head through the small glass windows of which looked the eyes of man, strained to the uttermost, even to the last ounce.

Immovable they looked, immovable they were, for the iron bands of discipline held them.

Steady and quiet in the silence came the last words of command, though the discolored faces and dazed eyes that looked out from the helmets were awful witnesses to the effects of the gas. Each man was at his station, and four men entered the air-locks, and closed the glass doors of the diving helmets, thus rendering themselves entirely dependent on the oxygen supplied through a tube, by the self-contained breathing apparatus in their diving jackets.

Linton raised his hand. Four men, casting off their leaden weights, sprang out of the lock, and, forcing open the forehatch, plunged into the water above. With a bound they were carried aloft by the buoyancy of air in their helmets. Into the submarine came a torrent of broken water, then stifling, deadening fumes, utter darkness.

One by one the ball-headed figures floating like logs on the surface of the Solent, were picked up by the boats, and hoisted on board the mother ship. When the cutter reached Linton, through the open glass door a pair of vacant blue eyes glared at them, a well-cut mouth sagged in a foolish smile.

"By George, Marjorie, that chap has come a purler! Look out, dear! There's a horrid drain," said Linton to the doctor.

The sun was setting, gilding the brasswork of the mother ship, lighting the grayness of the submarines. Slowly the mother ship turned towards the harbor, bearing the burden of her dead, bringing their portion of hopeless sorrow or relief beyond compare to the watchers on shore. Below in the sick bay the surgeon looking up, met the eyes of his captain standing in the door. He was a Scotsman, and trouble made him more silent than ever

"Will he pull through?"

"I can't say."

Linton turned in his bunk and moaned.

In those days Marjorie Henley's youth was rent from her, as the north-east wind tears the white and pink apple blossoms from the trees, till they lie scattered, faded, on the sodden grass, and all the sweet of the year is blurred in bitter rain.

She paid the toll that England takes of her women: for not on the bones of the English alone, on the hearts, the broken hearts of the English women and children, is the flag of the English stayed.

. . . . . .

Summer waxed and waned into the end of August; and the doctor, passing homewards on his brown mare 'twixt hedgerows white with dust, decked with tired poppies, bending weary heads of whitened scarlet, met another pilgrim of the road, who greeted him in this wise.

"Evening, Humphrey. Longish day?"

Lean was the pilgrim, flat of flank, long of leg, with tired, faded blue eyes under heavy lids, the exceeding oldness and eccentricity of his clothes only surpassed by the exceeding excellence of his mount.

"Yes, sir, hard day. Are you coming my way? Thanks!"

"My time is of less value than yours, lad. I want to hear about Linton."

"Much better, sir. Marjorie has just gone south to stay with his sister and look after him. He has certainly made a marvellous recovery so far."

"Ah, she will complete the cure—what?"

"Yes." The doctor looked across fields of barley, bending and shuddering with every breath of wind, to where the wolds stretched against the sky, already purpling in the evening

light. He brought himself back by a jerk. "Yes, of course. I hope so."

"You don't think so?" Sharp and curt came the interrogation. Sir Charles Streatfield, scholar and artist of no mean calibre, was reputedly the vaguest man in the East Riding. He was certainly the only man of whose observation the doctor (three-fifths of whose trade is observation) was afraid.

"I know nothing about the case except what I heard from Marjorie," he said briefly. They rode on in silence; then the doctor burst out:

"I am worried about that girl. In cases such as Linton's you cannot be certain for a long time of the ultimate extent of the damage. And Mrs. Henley told me, that for some weeks after the accident he had regained no recollection of his engagement to Marjorie."

"Then why on earth?—" interrupted Streatfield—

"Send Marjorie down, you mean? He seems now to be all right, normal, anxious to see her. The doctor wishes her to come—thinks it will do more to help him regain tone than anything else. Marjorie was mad to go. I,"—he shrugged his shoulders—"had no means of stopping her." "But"—he turned in his saddle and looked hard at Streatfield—"she has no idea that he had ever forgotten the engagement."

"She was not told! Whose imbecile idea was that?"

"Not mine," the doctor snapped back. "It was the special request of those managing the case in the south."

Silence. Streatfield stooped a little in the saddle. For a moment he looked every day of his seventy-one years. He saw, though as yet indistinctly, sorrow and suffering in the future, and he was too old not to dread its advent. It is only in the springtime of youth that we run to meet the future with glad hands. As the years go on, rather do we meet it with bowed heads, and on our lips is the cry of the troubled in heart throughout all ages. "In all time of our tribulation, good Lord, deliver us." Then he spoke. "I think it a mistake, but it may be all right, lad."

"It may break Marjorie's heart," was the brief return. "No," the younger man pulled himself up, "it won't do that. Marjorie's young. More trouble may be good for her." The firm voice halted a minute, then went on: "But Mrs. Henley is not, and her heart will not, physically, stand much more."

"And fate hits her through Marjorie now?"

"Yes, since the vicar died."

The faded blue eyes turned on him, all the vagueness gone, only the concentration of the artist in their gaze. They turned away, for they had read the doctor's secret. It was not alone Mrs. Henley at whom Fate struck through Marjorie.

And Marjorie, for whom these men concerned themselves, was leaning against the long door of a French window, resting in the stillness of the summer night. Before her lay the lawn, a flat mass of shadow bounded by the grotesque, uneven silhouette of shrub and plant in the herbaceous borders. Beyond, a stretch of Southampton water, giving a vast expanse of sky and water as a background, both blurred now into an opaque, velvety purple. Two plump hands were laid on her shoulders. "Marjorie, my dear child, why moon here? Ralph is on the verandah. Go and find him. For a newly-engaged woman you are uncommonly slack!"

Small, penetrating blue eyes swept over her face. Joan Crawford, Ralph Linton's married sister, possessed an inborn grasp of character and breadth of brain unusual in a woman. These she successfully concealed under a fluffy, rather silly exterior. The gods

had also given her a twinkle for which her husband should have praised heaven thrice daily. This he did not, but played a very average game of golf with an unvarying steadiness which frequently laid low many a brilliant player whose domestic craft sailed in more troubled waters.

"Go on, Marjorie, lazy child!" Joan pushed Marjorie through the window on to the verandah. Marjorie turned, her face showing white in the twilight without.

"Joan, hadn't he better be left? He has been so—so tired all day."

Joan frowned. The twinkle gone, she seemed a woman years older, with worried lines on her forehead.

"No, we can't let him brood. Marjorie, don't let him sit and think. Half the troubles of the world come from it. You will be able to do something. I, a sister, would get the boot at my head."

The smile was back in its place now, recalled instantly to greet the stolid partner of Joan Crawford's joys and sorrows. It always had been ready to greet him, but behind the smile lay racking anxiety. Joan had blundered. Unlike most women, she never evaded the unpleasant facts of life, because "they were really too dreadful, you know." It was she who had urged on Marjorie's visit. Now she faced the results of that visit.

Outside Marjorie paused to take in the scent of the dear growing things, that had grown and bloomed to God's greater glory through the day, and now filled the garden with the scents of paradise at night. But in her heart was a black foreboding. The doctors, his sister, had been plain with her—had warned her that anything might occur after such an illness as Ralph's.

She had come prepared to exercise tact and patience, to forgive all defects of manner. All she had to meet was a gentle courtesy, which froze her enthusiasm; a painstaking, careful consideration of her wants and herself which chilled her to the marrow. All she asked, all she desired, with a desire that seemed as if it would break her heart with its force, was to break down these barriers, to find and meet the masterful, self-absorbed lover she had known, to give again of her best with the royal generosity found only in the very proud or the very simple.

She threw back her head, swift resolve hardening the lines of her face. It was not merely desire to go back to work, it was not only brooding over the loss of life and injury to the crew and boat under his command; something else had hindered, was hindering, Ralph's long convalescence.

Once and for all she would know what was in his mind.

Then the scents and sounds of the night rose up to comfort her. Child of the open air and wind as she was, Marjorie's black forebodings fell from her at the soft touch of the night. She went forward, the light of a great love shining in her eyes.

"Ralph!" she called.

The black figure silhouetted against the gray background stirred, and from its fingers dropped a cigarette.

The man's face, tired, white, drawn with efforts of a worried brain flogged on by a strong will, to regain the recollection of facts and feelings wiped from his mind as figures from a slate, flinched. The eyebrows puckered in a frown of nervous irritability. Marjorie's dress caught on the twisted branch of a Gloire de Dijon. She bent to loosen it. Linton's voice came to her in a dull, weary whisper.

"Oh, Lord, that girl again!"

Marjorie stooped lower over her dress. The bough sprang back, and she straightened herself. Linton was upon her. He had got up hurriedly; it had struck him she might have over-

heard. But gray eyes looked steadily into his face.

"Ralph, this dress is torn. I must go up and change it. I shan't be long."

With quick, light steps she was through the drawing-room. At the door she turned.

"Joan, we must have some bridge when I come down again."

Spoiled child all her life, in the old Yorkshire vicarage one law had been unflinchingly enforced. To allow her own sorrow or disappointment to affect her courtesy or consideration for strangers was, Marjorie the child had been made to feel, a disgrace. Marjorie the woman, in her hour of direst need, reaped the benefit of that training.

. . . . . .

The doctor got up from his chair, and collecting his whip and gloves, prepared to go. He gave a parting scratch under the throat to Augustus, who, large and black purred round his legs, then turned to the woman huddled over the fire.

"Get Marjorie to bed early, Mrs. Henley, and——" He stopped, then his voice softened, "She's young, remember, she's young. She will get over it. Give her time. Which," he added below his breath, "you will not."

The woman looked at him. "She will not get over it," she said slowly. "She is a Henley. They don't get over things; they shut themselves up." A pause; she looked into the fire. "She will shut me out," she spoke very softly.

"Ah!" The doctor turned quickly and upset Augustus curled against his legs. "Ah, that is what she must not do! Look here, Mrs. Henley, Nature has taken her toll, that is all. Linton has come through this illness marvellously. He has lived where most men would have certainly died or lost their reason. But something had got to go. What has gone is his love for Marjorie, and his memory of that love. He never really, I believe, had the slightest recollection of their engagement. But he has—his letters show it, his actions prove it—done his best to keep her to the engagement, to force the growth of an affection he did not feel. You know it was merely a chance remark, overheard, that occasioned his self-betrayal. Neither before, or since has he shown any desire, save one, that Marjorie should not suffer."

"Pretend to my Marjorie!" Mrs. Henley's voice was in italics of scorn.

"It was a noble pretence." The doctor picked up a shawl and placed it over the woman's stooping shoulders. "Marjorie must face facts, and live out her life. These proud people won't face 'em, so," he shrugged his shoulders, "they spoil their lives." He stopped. In the shadows his face twisted; the season for facing facts was still with him. Now he held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said more gently. "Remember, things are better as they are. I do not think that Linton's nervous organization would ever have stood the strain of marriage, and it is possible, probable, that that part of his memory will never return again."

The sound of wheels in the drive. They both started. The hall door opened. A white, weary woman walked in.

Mrs. Henley rose. "Marjorie, darling," she said gently, "it is nice to see you." She kissed her. "You are cold, child, you"—for one moment the brave old voice halted—"you will want to get warm."

The doctor left directly. His profession had trained him to face scenes and endure emotion. Here, he knew, would be no scene; yet he left a woman, old, tired, who had cried for days, to comfort a dull girl, who stared with unseeing eyes, walked with dull, lagging steps. There are some things few

men can do; there are some things few women leave undone.

Eleven, twelve, one. The clock chimed out the hours of the night. Downstairs an old woman crouched over a gray, long dead fire, the slow, difficult tears of old age rolling down her cheeks.

Upstairs a girl lay face downwards, teeth clenched, hands clasped round one of the pillars of her iron bedstead, her breath coming in short gasps of tearless agony. Her heart was breaking, but out of the furnace of a broken pride, a rejected love, would come a woman whose strong gentleness should be a help to many.

For the woman below there was no resurrection from the bed of her sorrow. Her child, her baby, was suffering, and she must stand aside and watch. The sword, the divine sword of motherhood, was turned in her heart, and she was too old for the wound to heal.

. . . . . .

The first meet of the year, a gray sky still heavy with rain, a light wind from the west. Master, huntsman, and hounds were moving off to draw Denham Woods. The road was blocked with cars of varying degrees of rank and opulence, with horses wickering welcomes, as friend after friend of the hunting field joined the throng.

The doctor, disentangling himself from the central whirlpool, bumped against a small Roman-nosed man, whose mount would have fetched two hundred and twenty guineas at Tattersall's with ease. Apologizing for the fifteenth time, he was met with:

"Morning, doctor! How is the Grey?"

"Good morning, squire! Grey's very fit, thanks. Ah!" He turned. "Marjorie, it's good to see you out!"

"Bless my soul, Marjorie Henley!" exclaimed the Roman nose. "Roger." An ugly, clean-shaven young man moved up. "Roger, you know Miss Henley? Marjorie, you remember Roger?"

"Know him?" Marjorie at thirty was barely a good-looking woman, but her eyes and smile had not changed, since ten years ago she had hunted the same country with Linton by her side. "I chased him round the garden in pinafores. What ship are you in now, Roger? And are you home on leave?"

"The *Australia*. She's in the Home Fleet. Yes, I have got leave to marry my captain."

"Leave be blowed! Sailors are always ashore!" The Roman-nosed man was having a marked difference of opinion with his mount, hence shortness of temper.

"Who is your captain, Roger?" the doctor asked.

"Linton. Do you know him? One of the nicest——"

"Linton to be married! I didn't see the engagement announced." The doctor moved between Marjorie and the speaker.

"No. They met on Tuesday, he proposed on Wednesday, married on Saturday. He is going to China for two years, hence the hurry."

"Linton! 'Member Linton quite well. Wasn't he—— By Jove!" The owner of the Roman nose became a hot pink. "Pig-headed fool!" he remarked to his two hundred and twenty guineas mount, who at once recommenced hostilities of war.

"I knew Captain Linton well years ago." Marjorie's voice was quite steady, but in the strong morning light she looked every day of her thirty years.

"They're moving, Marjorie. Come on!"

"Coming, doctor." She turned to Roger. A lovely pink flush mounted to her face. "If Captain Linton ever speaks of Yorkshire will you tell him that you met some of his old friends

in the East Riding, and that—that they wish him the best of luck?" She was gone.

"Never thought Marjorie Henley pretty before." Roger hustled his decrepit and vulgar mount over a fence.

"Humph!" grunted his uncle, who was mentally kicking himself. "Never thought you would. Young fools—all young fools together! Don't know a good-looking woman when you see one. Run after a fluffy thing with tow hair. Humph!" His eyes rested on two figures in front. "Marjorie Henley takes her fences better than any woman I ever met. Roger, if you can't get any more out of that animal than that, we can either spend the night in this field, or get off and run!"

Dorothy MacKay.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

THE SOUL OF THE IRISH.

The better you know a people, the less you will generalize about them. That is quite true; it is the first rule of travel and international relations. No single member of any country ever seems in the least like the accepted caricature that represents his race. But still we are driven to form some sort of general idea of other nations. We have not time to particularize or analyze very deeply. We want a symbol, a short-hand note, something that will call up the characteristics fairly well for the moment before we pass on. And so, when we hear of Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and the rest, we rapidly form a composite picture, made up of all manner of dim memories and reports, to be used as a counter for the moment. It is true, the picture is not the same for all minds. The word "German," for instance, calls up one figure for a gentle philosopher, another for a shy musician, and quite a different one for the statesmen and editors who dread nought. But even statesmen and editors are obliged to generalize, like the rest of us, for otherwise they could never get through the amount of thinking they have to do.

And now that we are all brought up sharp against Ireland again, as we have been at brief intervals during eight centuries, we shall be driven to decide what general picture the words "Irish" and "Irishman" suggests. The answer is more than usually difficult; it depends so much on the knowledge, and still more on the temperament of each. Our Irish guides to knowledge also contradict each other so eloquently. One imaginary portrait we have, happily, obliterated for ever. The comic Irishman, with battered hat, breeches, swallow-tail coat, and knobstick, has gone. Silly, warm-hearted, honest, funny, just the man to rescue the innocent heroine in extremes—even Drury Lane knows him no more. If he ever existed, the famine killed him sixty-six years ago, and all the galleries of melodrama are left lamenting. Till the beginning of this century one was kept by the hotel-keepers near Killarney, just as a chamois is kept in the Schweizerhof; and it was a fine thing he made of it, firing appropriate remarks at the British tourists. But now he enjoys the Old Age Pension, and regards the English visitor much as a retired brigand regards the passing caravan. That generalization is wiped out, thank Heaven! and with it has gone the shrewish, slatternly, draggle-tailed, shrill-tongued female who did duty for Ireland next, though that was the only duty she ever did. She flourished in her pigsty about the time when English self-righteousness flourished in its

shop, factory, and chapel—about the time when statesmen and historians beslavered the Anglo-Saxon with wonder, and we could only account for our super-eminence on earth by tracing our descent from the Lost Ten Tribes of the Chosen People.

Matthew Arnold killed our self-righteousness. His "Wragg is in custody" settled it. And then he went on to clear away that dirty libel against the Irish race. To him more than to anyone England owes her next imaginary portrait of that eternal "Sister Isle." For us he created the Celt, and admiration, still mingled with a satisfactory sense of our practical superiority, grew from year to year. Let us recall the familiar words in which he sketched the Celtic temperament:—

"Sentiment," he said, "is the word which marks where the Celtic races touch and are one; sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterized by a single term, is the best term to take. An organization quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality, therefore, keenly sensitive to joy and to sorrow; this is the main point. . . . The expansive, eager Celtic nature; the head in the air, snuffing and snorting; a proud look and a high stomach, as the Psalmist says, but without any such settled savage temper as the Psalmist seems to impute by these words. For good and for bad, the Celtic genius is more airy and unsubstantial, goes less near the ground than the German. The Celt is often called sensual; but it is not so much the vulgar satisfactions of sense that attract him as emotion and excitement; he is truly, as I began by saying, sentimental. Sentimental — 'always ready to react against the despotism of fact'; that is the description a great friend of the Celt (M. Henri Martin) gives of him; and it is not a bad description of the sentimental temperament; it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its habitual want of success."

The history of that word "sentimental" is of great interest, so closely does it reflect the changes in our national thought and politics. Since Matthew Arnold's time it has degenerated. For fifteen years past, Imperialists and Mr. Kipling's disciples (the truest sentimentalists) have used it in scorn for any emotion or sense of justice, honor, pity, mercy, and common humanity that would not add to British possessions or cadge sixpence for the private pocket. It has become their constant epithet for unlucrative justice, and when we hear it now we may be certain that the man who uses it is about to recommend or perpetrate some peculiarly dastardly act of mingled violence, cowardice, and greed. But if we return to Matthew Arnold's meaning of the word, we may find in his application of it the origin of the almost passionate admiration with which the Irish nature, and especially the Irish art, were regarded among us after his death. A week or two ago, we noticed how, under this new conception of Ireland, her spiritual attraction became irresistible to such natures as Lionel Johnson's, himself no more a Celt than the rest of us Englishmen; though, happily, that is much. We said that, in his eyes, the very name of Ireland was surrounded with a glimmering beauty. "The Mother of the Bleeding Heart," "the Mother with the crown of stars around her head," the "Rose of all roses, Rose of all the World," stirred a passion of devotion such as has been given to the Virgin-Mother herself in the times of her persecution. She stood transfigured with the glory of suffering, consecrated by the halo of stupidity's hatred, encompassed by perils from the dulness that would reform her into a serviceable matron, and illuminated by gleams of ancient sacrifice and fresh self-sacrificing worship. The foul treachery of political intrigues, which time after time had dashed her hopes

when victory was within reach, only intensified the magic of her charms. There was shed around her the mystic splendor that attends a spiritual and bodily beauty entangled in unhappiness. To the appeal of that beauty, we said, Lionel Johnson surrendered so completely as boldly to declare himself an Irishman; and many people of far lesser powers were tempted to follow him. If others adopt children, why should not they adopt a Mother? But, indeed, their passion was rather that of a lover than of a son. To them, all that was implied in the name of Ireland became the one hope in a sullen and materialized world—the guiding ray of imagination, spirit, and vital thought. A sudden outburst of Irish lyric, drama, criticism, and scholarship appeared to them, as indeed it was, the most remarkable and almost the only living movement of the day. They caught from an elder poet something of the Irishman's devotion to a Dark Rosaleen, half country, half beloved spirit:—

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy, delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.

Then, suddenly, just as that Celtic glamour of which they talked so much was leading them into obscure and enchanted regions, and they were beginning to learn the right pronunciation of "Sidhe," the clear-eyed satirist came with the abhorred shears and slit their beautiful imaginings. He began by calling the Irishman "fact-facing"—a sharp blow after Matthew Arnold's "reacting against the despotism of fact:"—

"Blackguard, bully, drunkard, liar," he went on, "foul-mouth, flatterer, beggar, backbiter, venal functionary, corrupt judge, envious friend, vindictive opponent, unparalleled political traitor: all these your Irishman may easily be, just as he may be a gentleman (a species extinct in England, and nobody a penny the worse); but he is never quite the hysterical, nonsense-crammed, fact-proof, truth-terrified, unballasted sport of all the bogey panics and all the silly enthusiasms that now calls itself 'God's Englishman.'"

And again, in that same "Preface for Politicians," Mr. Shaw wrote:—

There is no Irish race any more than there is an English race, or a Yankee race. There *is* an Irish climate, which will stamp an immigrant more deeply and durably in two years, apparently, than the English climate will in two hundred. . . . How can I sketch the broad lines of the contrast as they strike me? Roughly, I should say that the Englishman is wholly at the mercy of his imagination, having no sense of reality to check it. The Irishman, with a far subtler and more fastidious imagination, has one eye always on things as they are.

There followed the famous contrast between the matter-of-fact Irish Wellington and the sentimental English Nelson. Blow fell on blow. The Irish poets themselves turned upon their English worshippers with a laugh of derision. The chief of them tried hard to lead the way out of his own sweet "Celtic twilight" into the common day. Synge took to rolling us all in the mud together, giving us dramas and lyrics about a harsh and business-like people, not only "fact-facing" and keeping one eye on things as they are, but absorbed in rather sordid facts, and keeping both eyes steadily fixed on a competency. It has gone so far that the excellent Irish writer who, perhaps for this very reason, chooses to call himself George Birmingham, cannot publish his "Lighter Side of Irish Life" (Foulis) without assuring us that "nothing is more characteristic of the Irishman to-day than his freedom from illusion and his power of facing facts." "Far-seeing" and "illusion-proof" are the epithets he selects for those who were so lately described as expansive and eager, with

head in the air, snuffing and snorting, of an airy and unsubstantiated genius, truly sentimental. Reviewing the English misconceptions of the Irish peasant, George Birmingham thus turns his mockery on humble but misguided admiration:—

> The man who was once a murderer by inclination is now a kind of half-Pagan, half-Christian saint, the one witness left in a materialized world to the undying truth of age-worn mysticisms. . . . He is supposed to believe in a thousand gods of earth, air, wind, water, and Mary is the mother of them all.

So another British illusion fades, and the Englishman in his perplexity has to cast about for yet one more generalization that he may accept for the Irish nature. In this fine collection of Irish manners, customs, and stories, old and new, George Birmingham, no doubt, thinks he has drawn an exact portrait of the real Irish type—hard, unemotional, untouched by sentiment, "fact-facing," and "illusion-proof." But is that the kind of impression we get from his excellent narratives? Not in the very least. Where, then, shall we look for our new ideal of the Irish type? Perhaps, the next few days or weeks may show us where; but we are rather inclined to think that the real Irishman must be like Cerberus—three men at once.

The Nation.

ANALOGIES.

II. The Exhaust.

The "Exhaust," unmechanical reader, is the waste product of a motor at work. Its quality depends upon the nature of the motive fuel, its quantity upon the speed of the revolutions. It has but two constant characteristics, its absolute uselessness (or, rather, its as yet undiscovered uses) and its danger to its parent should it be either so foul as to clog free working, or so inverted as to smash the mechanism by what is known as "back pressure." Moreover, unless cunningly dissipated, it would be shockingly noisy, unsightly, and unwholesome; it has therefore to be led out into nothingness by concealed conduits called "silencers." Long experience has made engineers quite perfect in all this. In a well-constructed engine the Exhaust is unseen, unheard, unfelt and unsmelt. Nevertheless, it is there, and a mighty potent factor, too, as you would discover if its escape pipes ever became choked, and your coefficient horse-power, instead of vanishing into invisibility, rushed back whence it came, and fought for mastery, like a crowd in a blazing theatre lobby, with the foot-pounds pressing on behind.

These things are obviously an allegory. It is not only not far-fetched, but actually an irresistible platitude to consider modern life as nothing but an engine working with terrific speed, with appalling power, with merciless continuity. Its fuel is men and women. Into it they pour in eager myriads, a given measure of power, of work, of production, in each unit of them; within it, for a second or two, they battle and are buffeted; out of it they stream, changed in the twinkling of an eye, sadly changed indeed, done for, done with, exhausted, the *Exhaust*.

Then they seem to disappear. Fresh energy fills instantaneously their office-seats or work-benches; the work, heavier and more swift, goes forward without them; they are but a memory, a breath of what was once, for a breath, so vital. But if they are now unseen, it is rather because there is no time nor need to see them than because

they are actually invisible. Nothing vanishes that once has been. The keen eye of the analyst of society marks these has-beens clearly enough, for all their chemical change. To him they have their definite hues, compositions, properties, and even their definite dangers. As he studies them, he will be apt, perhaps, like most specialists, even to exaggerate their importance, and to declare that sometimes, instead of being the mere residuum, they may even have something to do with propulsion of the world's work and passion. He will point to the retired stockbroker, financier, ship or mill owner, lounging portly and placid in his gardens, buying orchids, titles, or works of art, at any rate coming down late to breakfast, and will say that it is this pleasant spectacle which mainly keeps young Jones with his nose to the grindstone, aspiring to a like *coda* to the wearisome fugue of existence. They will point to General or Admiral Sir Amurath Damitall, shining with decorations and old port at City or regimental dinners, and will say that these are the oriflammes behind which midshipmen and subalterns press on to battle. Unlike most low views of human nature, this view is almost certainly erroneous. In our experience there is in the minds of the young no envy of those who have taken off the armor but, instead, a profound pity which often assumes the youthful form of a simulated contempt. Trust the babes and sucklings for the truth. If old Jones, or the old fighting men, took half the pleasure in their retirement that their cubs do in their work they would be happy men. For, alas! the seventh age is a sorry business. Little but wild regret broods over the grave of the labor of a lifetime; the autumn fields are only happy to those who know they will see them again in springtime, and far from idle are the tears which gather to "eyes which look their last." Turn to your work again, boys! The day will come soon enough when, from the top of the hill, you will see the valley road shrinking back into the gathering shades, and you will wish that the tramp which seemed so long had been interminable, or that at least you had perished in the full swing of it. Your stars and medals, your consols, will but seem like milestones, the little tombs of dead miles, monuments of that saddest of all things, the past. Blessed are they who "die with harness on their backs."

But the Exhaust takes other and more formidable shapes. Hark how the main ingresses to London, from Hounslow, Edgware, Ilford, and Kingston, hark how they patter to the footsteps of armies of broken wastrels shuffling in bulging rags back into the heart of civilization, as if the trunk roads were so many *cloacae* gone mad, emptying *backwards*. There are thousands afoot; on a morning walk you may count a battalion between Hyde Park Corner and Kensington Church, all converging from the emptiness without to that within, all starving, all desperate, "all silent, and all damned." Here is the Exhaust in a dangerous form, the foulest "back pressure" accumulating unit by unit of *minus* power, until "labor" or political troubles, or, who knows, the sound of the enemy at the gates, shall suck them together into a sort of welter or negative force, the force of destruction and undoing. The devil will have little trouble in collecting his army; we could tell him in a moment where to post his recruiting sergeants. But he knows well enough, better indeed than those whose duty it is to guard the frontiers of society against another irruption by the legions of the lost. But here, perhaps, is not a true example of the Exhaust at all, for it is rather unused than used up power, the *excreta* of an engine working badly, and so wasting its fuel

that "live" charges escape into the air. "Missing fire," it is termed by mechanics, and a few moments of such misfiring near a naked light in a workshop has frequently ended by wrecking the factory.

Truer types are to be found in the long, quiet galleries of the workhouses. Here are the really finished—men and women arrived at the very end of things, with incapacity even for danger, of all earthly occupations able only to be ill. Cabmen, charwomen, gardeners, navvies—the great, gaunt buildings which house them are the very mausoleums of hard work, of humble work which seems to have written not a wrinkle on the ocean of existence though it has printed a thousand on the brows of its doers.

Death itself is not more blindly unequal or unjust than life. A hundredth part of the strength, toil, and willingness preserved in ruin in this *hortus siccus*, in luckier hands had made fortunes or moved nations. One man creeps into existence a beggar and quits it pompously for eternity a peer. His twin drops into the abyss in a pauper's shell. Both, perhaps, have put forth the same relative quantity of energy, namely, their all, to reach such piteously separated departure platforms. But there must be worse thought-demons than this flitting about the workhouse wards when the lights are low. What of him who marched into life with the bands playing, who thereafter put forth no energy at all save that required to listen to the strains, who marched out of it again with the music regretfully muffled—what of this brilliant, joyous creature, possibly a pleasant fellow enough (it is the least he can be), possibly a pig in clover with thousands working for him whom he has never seen, for whom he would not lift a plump finger save to answer their obeisance? He does not bear thinking of in a numbered bed in a numbered ward. Fortunately he is rarely thought of. Misery distils its own "dull narcotics," soothing the mind to its unhappiness as well as to its insulting pleasures. Here the tea being cold is the nadir of annoyance, an egg for breakfast the apogee of pleasure. The forgetting world is forgotten; it is as afar off as that oncoming world wherein, so promises the visiting parson, prince and pauper shall walk hand in hand. Could they but believe this, these miserables, what revenge would they thence derive in musing of the death-bed of the said prince! For him what appalling degradation, that step into the infinite; for themselves what stupefying promotion! But the lion believes it as little as the lamb. Was it not of Louis XIV., threatened with hell, that it was protested that the Lord would never condemn a personage of such quality? Yes; anæsthetics were discovered long before Sir James Simpson. They are coeval with pain. Great misery is, after all, a rare thing. Just as a man survives a tremendous current of electricity, from his very inability to resist it, so will he endure untortured both those uttermost shocks of fortune, a living death and the death of life.

The Spectator. *Linesman.*

STORIES OF SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

[This series is designed to assist parents in choosing a career for their sons. The author has devoted considerable time to research among the best authorities, and the results are now laid before the public in the hope that they will bring encouragement to those who are hesitating at the doors of any of the great professions.]

I.—The Solicitor's.

The office was at its busiest, for it was Friday afternoon. John Blunt leant back in his comfortable chair and toyed with the key of the safe, while he tried to realize his new position. He, John Blunt, was junior partner in the great London firm of Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton!

He closed his eyes, and his thoughts wandered back to the day when he had first entered the doors of the firm as one of two hundred and seventy-eight applicants for the post of office-boy. They had been interviewed in batches, and old Mr. Sanderson, the senior partner, had taken the first batch.

"I like your face, my boy," he had said heartily to John.

"And I like yours," replied John, not to be outdone in politeness.

"Now I wonder if you can spell 'mortgage'?"

"I think so," John had replied, "but I am not sure."

Mr. Sanderson was delighted with the lad's caution, and engaged him at once.

For three years John had done his duty faithfully. During this time he had saved the firm more than once by his readiness—particularly on one occasion, when he had called old Mr. Sanderson's attention to the fact that he had signed a letter to a firm of stockbrokers, "Your loving husband Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton." Mr. Sanderson, always a little absent-minded, corrected the error, and promised the boy his articles. Five years later John Blunt was a solicitor.

And now he was actually junior partner in the firm—the firm of which it was said in the City, "if a man has Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton behind him he is all right." The City is always coining pithy little epigrams like this.

There was a knock at the door of the enquiry office and a prosperous-looking gentleman came in.

"Can I see Mr. Macnaughton?" he said politely to the office boy.

"There isn't no Mr. Macnaughton," replied the latter. "They all died years ago."

"Well, well, can I see one of the partners?"

"You can't see Mr. Sanderson, because he's having his lunch," said the boy. "Mr. Thorpe hasn't come back from lunch yet, Mr. Peters has just gone out to lunch, Mr. Williams is expected back from lunch every minute, Mr. Gourlay went out to lunch an hour ago, Mr. Beamish——"

"Tut, tut, isn't anybody in?"

"Mr. Blunt is in," said the boy, and took up the telephone. "If you wait a moment I'll see if he's awake."

Half an hour later Mr. Masters was shown into John Blunt's room.

"I'm sorry I was engaged," said John. "A most important client. Now what can I do for you, Mr.—er—Masters?"

"I wish to make my will."

"By all means," said John cordially.

"I have only one child, to whom I intend to leave all my money."

"Ha!" said John, with a frown. "This will be a lengthy and difficult business."

"But you can do it?" asked Mr.

Masters anxiously. "They told me at the hairdresser's that Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton was the cleverest firm in London."

"We can do it," said John simply; "but it will require all our care, and I think it would be best if I were to come and stay with you for the week-end. We could go into it properly then."

"Thank you," said Mr. Masters, clasping the other's hand. "I was just going to suggest it. My motor car is outside. Let us go at once."

"I will follow you in a moment," said John, and pausing only to snatch a handful of money from the safe for incidental expenses and to tell the boy that he would be back on Monday he picked up the well-filled week-end bag which he always kept ready, and hurried after the other.

Inside the car Mr. Masters was confidential.

"My daughter," he said, "comes of age to-morrow."

"Oh, it's a daughter?" said John in surprise. "Is she pretty?"

"She is considered to be the prettiest girl in the county."

"Really?" said John. He thought a moment, and added. "Can we stop at a post-office? I must send an important business telegram." He took out a form and wrote "Macmacmacmacmac, London. Shall not be back till Wednesday.—*Blunt.*"

The car stopped and then sped on again.

"Amy has never been any trouble to me," said Mr. Masters, "but I am getting old now, and I would give a thousand pounds to see her happily married."

"To whom would you give it?" asked John, whipping out his pocket-book.

"Tut, tut, a mere figure of speech. But I would settle a hundred thousand pounds on her on the wedding day."

"Indeed?" said John thoughtfully. "Can we stop at another post-office?" he added, bringing out his fountain pen again. He took out a second telegraph form and wrote: "Macmacmacmacmac, Londŏn. Shall not be back till Friday.—*Blunt.*"

The car dashed on again, and an hour later arrived at a commodious mansion standing in its own well-timbered grounds of upwards of several acres. At the front-door a graceful figure was standing.

"My solicitor, dear, Mr. Blunt," said Mr. Masters.

"It is very good of you to come all this way on my father's business," she said shyly.

"Not at all," said John. "A week or —or a fortnight—or—" he looked at her again— "or—three weeks, and the thing is done."

"Is making a will so very difficult?"

"It's a very tricky and complicated affair indeed. However, I think we shall pull it off. Er—might I send an important business telegram?"

"Macmacmacmacmac, London," wrote John. "Very knotty case. Date of return uncertain. Please send more cash for incidental expenses.—*Blunt.*"

. . . . . .

Yes, you have guessed what happened. It is an every-day experience in a solicitor's life. John Blunt and Amy Masters were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, last May. The wedding was a quiet one owing to mourning in the bride's family—the result of a too sudden perusal of Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton, Macnaughton & Macnaughton's bill of costs. As Mr. Masters said with his expiring breath—he didn't mind paying for our Mr. Blunt's skill; nor yet for our Mr. Blunt's valuable time—even if most of it was spent in courting Amy; nor, again, for our Mr. Blunt's tips to the servants; but he did object to being charged the first-class

railway fare both ways when our Mr. Blunt had come down and gone up again in the car. And perhaps I ought to add that that is the drawback to this fine profession. One is so often misunderstood.

Punch. *A. A. M.*

NERVES.

Whether it was due to a touch of influenza or too much work or not enough smoke I know not, but I lately had an attack of nerves. That is one of the many evils which we arrogantly call the disease of the age, but of course civilized humanity has always suffered from its nerves, and even savage humanity, overstrained with prolonged hunting or fighting, must have been irritable the next day. With me such an attack is rare, or at least such an attack as that of late, when it was really a severe effort to endure the futilities and ineptitudes of my fellow creatures, so that unlike the habitual neuropath I can note and record how it affected me, can moralize about it, can walk round it, as it were, and philosophize. The pleasure I offer my readers is that of recognition. It is not a sublime pleasure, but it is a considerable one and explains why anybody reads works of everyday life or eighteenth-century dairies of travels on the continent or why anybody goes to the average drawing-room comedy. So "how true!" will one reader say, and "I'm just like that" another will say, and we ought to be quite happy and comfortable together. And the pleasure I propose to myself is pure egotism.

I am not in the least ashamed of the attack, convinced that it came from no fault of mine. Considering, indeed, the trials to which circumstances and man subject me, I believe my cheerfulness and equanimity to be merely amazing. Other people, with less fortitude and self-control, succumb more easily, and I am too much of a philosopher to blame them; but I do ask them, when I have my next attack, not to be so snappy and intolerant with me. The very people to whose bad nerves I am as a rule a sort of unpaid doctor with my solicitude and tolerance, are the first to cry out against me, when for once in a way I give them back a bit of their own. And that is my first observation, that people in a "state" of nerves expect every one else to have nerves of iron. I was like that, myself. The idea that any one else should be bored or irritated by my fretfulness and irritability under the common little trials of daily life, seemed to me the last inhuman outrage possible.

It would be superfluous to remark the examples of things always irritating which are made worse by nerves; that is too obvious an effect for even an essayist; we must consider sensations and moods which nerves really bring into being. The exception, however, I would make by your leave, because it gives me an opportunity of saying something by way of an irrelevant digression which otherwise would have to be turned into a whole article by itself—a thrifty proceeding but opposed to my sense of fairness. I have written at one time or another so many articles, letters to the editor, and so forth, upon the insane worship of individualism, which makes us allow ourselves to be driven into madhouses and early graves by the untimely noises of builders—I have written so many articles and letters about it in vain, and in vain appealed so often to the sympathy of healthily sleeping and unimaginative friends, that I am ashamed to inflict

another whole article on yet another editor: besides, he might have the impertinence not to print it. But tortured by builders beyond the usual extent during my attack of nerves, I made a study of their methods, which resulted in an interesting discovery. You may have noticed, when a house is being built or repaired or demolished in your neighborhood, that work which is not intolerably noisy for the rest of the day, makes a fiendish and inconceivable uproar in the early morning. You have wondered at the unmathematical coincidence that the earliest work is always the noisiest, and so used I to wonder until I found out the truth. It is not a coincidence at all, and is not even work, that early uproar. It is a ritual which comes right down from the Middle Ages, when it was instituted to awaken to their tasks the unhappy serfs whom the curfew had sent to bed. Its name is Hell Let Loose, and it is performed by banging on iron girders, beating any metal things handy against one another, kicking those otherwise purposeless wooden erections you must have seen, shouting all together, making any other noise ingenuity and malice may suggest. It is useless to try to abolish this custom; the workmen enjoy it, disliking that any one else should sleep while they have to be up, and cling to the tradition; their Trade Union is too strong, and more likely to reimpose the Curfew on the rest of us than let us sleep our morning sleep. . . . A frank digression, which I hope you will pardon: I thought you might like to know.

As I said, I will not dwell on the commonly annoying things which nerves make worse—the malice of inanimate objects, the dulness of talkative humanity, the rain at precisely the most inconvenient moment, the fatuity of articles in newspapers, all the common afflictions which nerves merely make to appear more insistent and harder to bear. The mere effects of course vary with all of us: I can but mention mine on the probability that some of my readers have the same. The most marked is an absolute hatred of humanity in the mass. As a rule I rather like it, in my confounded superior, observant way. I console myself for the discomfort of tubes and 'buses by the thought that there is something inhumanly aloof and haughty in the expensive taxi-cab. If some wise measure of Tariff Reform—or some folly of Free Trade—were to export two-thirds of our population to Canada and we were again a mainly agricultural community, England would be a pleasanter place, no doubt, but there would still be crowds in popular resorts. They are inevitable, and I don't mind them; provided that they are not *too* stuffy or throaty or expectoratory, they do not spoil my enjoyment of theatres or processions through the streets. My attack of nerves made them merely loathsome. I shrank through back streets, and would not have gone to a successful play or a race meeting if any one had offered to pay for me. A crowded omnibus seemed to be so horrible, so morbidly suggestive of the terror and horror of too prolific nature, that I got out and walked in the rain. That was one new effect; a second marked one was hatred of individual strangers. Normally, no doubt, we pass from time to time in the street men and women whom a beneficent autocrat would have slain at once, merely on account of their arrogant, insolent, esurient, predatory, vile, repulsive faces, but we do not see very many of them, and I for one would kill very few fellow creatures—outside my acquaintance—in any ordinary week. In my nervous state I saw those better-dead brutes by the shoal and would have ticked off lives as you play the piano. In truth an unusually kindly nature was warped. (Unusually

kindly, I am sure. I notice it in the case of the rich. Most people hate the rich, apart from those they happen to like individually, merely because they are rich, and it is human nature to have an extra glass of port after dinner when a millionaire has been run over by an omnibus, whereas I could barely find time.) Dreadful to think one's soul may be so ill affected by some trumpery physical cause, is it not?

Things which would have been amusing any other time drove me wild. For example, I read an interview with Mr. Hichens, in which that novelist—whose books no one enjoys more than I—was made to say: "it always gives me pleasure to depict the female character." I don't suppose he can have said it, but anyhow some human brain did conceive the phrase, and there is something so sublimely bland and fatuous about it, as though Mr. Hichens calmly and easily and with pleasure achieved that which has called out at its strongest the genius of Tolstoi or of Meredith, something so monstrously inclusive, as though he thought all women were alike and could be "depicted" at a sitting, that any power of humor and irony in me foundered in amazement as I read. But what would have delighted me at any other time infuriated me at this. So did some things which are wont to be only tiresome, like the humbug of politicians, about which I got as angry as Mr. Belloc. Moreover—but you see the sort of change made in me by this attack of nerves. I shall be slow to judge such symptoms in others in future as marks of a permanently embittered nature. As for all the little exaggerated imitations and fussinesses with which I have always borne in turn I shall continue to bear with them in increased understanding. But I repeat that I look for reciprocity.

G. S. Street.

The Eye-Witness.

THE NEW PARENT.

In this season of family gatherings it may not be unprofitable to consider the changes which a generation has brought about in the relations of parents and children. There is both humor and pathos in the new situation. The seed sown by Spencer's "Education" in the mid-Victorian age, watered by copious streams of Rationalism, Socialism, and Humanitarianism, has now produced its first fully-ripened crop, the grown-up children of to-day. What are we to say of the fruits of enlightenment? Has wisdom been justified of her children? Few parents, either of the enlightened or of the old conventional order, will be inclined to answer these questions in a tone of confident optimism. For in truth, parents of to-day hardly know where they stand in relation to their children. The revolt against the old traditional status of authority and arbitrary discipline was natural and necessary. It was in the structure of the family the counterpart of the struggle against irrational authority in Church and State. For the day of the autocratic family was passing. "Revered Sir," as the opening of a letter, had already lost its emotional reality: the airs of preposterous dignity and self-importance, which fathers of the upper and middle classes had assumed within the home, were yielding before the sceptical humor of modern times. The crude idea of education by "breaking the will," as a preliminary process to the enforced formation of correct habits and the insertion of useful knowledge and elegant accomplishments, was giving place to a gentler and more reason-

able method. The new word "Psychology" was beginning to teach a finer art of child-culture, the first principle of which was that the child-nature should be allowed to grow in an atmosphere of liberty, free within wide limits to choose its own pursuits and follow its own tastes, the parent and the teacher unobtrusively performing some processes of selection and rejection, suggestion and stimulation. At the very time when the inadequacy of "the simple system of natural liberty" was being discarded in politics and industry, the doctrine in all its *naïveté* was accepted as a method of education by hosts of enlightened parents. The situation was an inevitable fruit of the spirit of self-criticism everywhere abroad. Parents knew that they were neither so wise nor so good as the old idea of paternal authority demanded, and they were tolerably sure that if they assumed virtues and powers which were unreal, the modern child would find them out. Among the educated middle classes this new discovery chimed in with a general all-round slackening of the old rigors and orthodoxies of belief and conduct. Probably the gradual increase of the influence of the wife and mother in the ordering of home life contributed not a little to soften the discipline and to break down the old emotional barriers.

In many enlightened families the Spencerian policy of modified anarchy has been carried out, and children have been born, reared, and have grown up to maturity under this liberal *régime*. Instead of being "kept in their places," and "taught to mind," they have been brought up in an atmosphere of liberty, equality, and fraternity; their voices have been raised, often determinately, in every family council, their real or supposed interests have always been sedulously studied, their wishes, even their whims, have been regarded as carrying some sacred freight of intuitive wisdom. Though the unruly domination of the child which pervades America is in this country a more moderate government, whole grades of society exist where the brief tutelage of infancy yields to an era of voluntary abdication on the part of parents, or of easy management on the part of children. In considerable measure this is due, without doubt, to the diminished size of the family. Rarity enhances value, and though, so far as physical nature is concerned, the small number of children has been advantageous, it is more likely that the net moral effect has been detrimental. For the higher value set upon the individual child has led more educated and conscientious parents into grave excesses of affection and solicitude. Having all their eggs in one basket, they are over anxious, and this anxiety shows itself in an excessive interference, which they vainly seek to reconcile with their theory of free, self-determined growth. The effect of this parental solicitude upon the child will vary with its temperament. Sometimes it will act as a fretful irritant, taken far more hardly than the old authoritative discipline which pretended no reason and admitted no discussion. But the more usual effect is to evoke in the child an excess of conscious self-importance, corresponding to the high significance parents attach to all its doings.

It is natural for every child to take all that is offered, and to employ to the full the power which experience shows it to possess over its elders, for in no other way is the sense of growing personality so richly nourished. What can be more flattering and more subversive of modesty than for a child to realize by a long, unceasing round of observation and experiment that it is the pivot of the family? Like every despotism, this, too, evokes its intellectual defences, and we are to-day

confronted with a whole Sociology which presents the present generation as existing for the sake of the next, and demands an unlimited sacrifice of the parent for the well-being of the child.

Chiming in as they do with the general humanitarianism of our time, these ideas, in themselves a sound reaction against the old patriarchy, have contributed no little to the *impasse* which confronts us. At the outset of our inquiry we emphasized the element of liberty tending to license. But we are not sure that the children, who in this new order are allowed to "bring themselves up," come out worst. In dealing with "enlightened parents," we must not forget that whatever else enlightenment implies, it implies nerves. Now, the nervous parent, a professed believer in the new doctrine of child liberty, seldom has the courage of his convictions. He feels a constant itching to intervene, not, of course, in the old, unenlightened way of peaceful discipline, but in a new and more insinuating manner. For authority he will substitute what he calls exerting moral influence. This influence, compact as it is of reason, experience, and affection, he feels must and ought to be effective. And perhaps it might be, wielded with tact, and kept for rare occasions. But as an atmosphere in child-life, it is usually a mistake. The indirectness and insinuation of the process arouse suspicion and repel. Most children probably prefer an exercise of plain authority to the "sweet reasonableness" of the enlightened parent. No doubt it will be replied that "it all depends on how it is done." Our point, however, is that it usually fails, and that not from mere mishandling, but because the position which the "enlightened parent" seeks to establish in dealing with his children is itself radically faulty.

The root of error, we think, is to be sought in the natural impossibility of such full, free sympathy between two generations as is necessary for the efficacy of these modes of moral influence. Between parent and child, Nature has fixed a great gulf, and for parents to pretend to meet their children on a basis of free equality is to fly in the face of Nature. The mother cannot be a sister to her daughter, nor the father an equal comrade to his son, the natural situation and the difference of years co-operate to form an impenetrable barrier to the community of feelings and ideas of the two generations. This will doubtless be obstinately denied, for it offends the pride of many educated people who actually delude themselves into believing that their children are on the same free terms with them as with the friends of their own age. It is the most cherished and the proudest notion of many middle-aged fathers and mothers that, by cultivating an interest in all the tastes and activities of their children, they will be able to stretch a guiding hand over the chasm of years. In our fast-moving times when a new generation revolutionizes the whole external order and puts on new habits and new outlooks, the sight of panting parents toiling to keep pace becomes really ludicrous. In his brilliant satire "Now!" Mr. Charles Marriott exhibits the inevitable failure of the enlightened parent to keep up. Surely it would be better not to try an experiment in false equality foredoomed to failure. In the more mature and reasonable application of equalitarian doctrine to the structure of the State, or the industrial business, it has been found necessary to cultivate new organic forms of authority and discipline consonant with the more humane spirit of the age.

For the unqualified tendency of mechanical equality is everywhere to anarchy. This lesson of the political

and industrial world is equally applicable to the structure of a human family. The present situation is one of utter instability and fumbling compromises. Much of the trouble is due to the conspiracy of solemn sentimentalism into which educationalists, eugenists, and humanitarians have entered to persuade us that self-sacrifice is the true function of the parent whose thoughts and aspirations should be concentrated wholly on the good of the next generation. There is something rather preposterous in this conception of an infinitude of effort directed to an abstract improvement of the race, no part of which is to be harvested in the enjoyment of the current generation. May it not be proper to remind ourselves that the twentieth century is not wholly "for the child," and that parents also, being God's creatures, have rights as well as duties? Past defects in the nurture and education of children are ill-compensated by present excesses.

The Nation.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. Kaethe Schirmacher's historical survey of "The Modern Woman's Rights Movement" which has recently appeared in Germany in a second and revised edition, has been translated by Dr. Carl Conrad Eckhardt of the University of Colorado and is published by the Macmillan Company. The book is frankly partisan in its presentation of the subject, but is comprehensive and painstaking in its collection of data; and the information which it contains relating both to the political and the industrial position of women in different countries will interest even readers who are not in sympathy with the more aggressive manifestations of the present suffrage agitation. The translator has added notes to the chapters relating to the United States, which bring the information up to date.

A pleasant trip with a group of Unitarians from Canada and the United States to the "Congress of Religious Liberals" and, afterwards, to the Passion Play, carried Miss Georgina Pflaum to England, Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Italy. The result is a book, in which the usual round of sightseeing in the usual round of places is painstakingly described and, at the conclusion, a little love romance is slipped in by way of allurement. The love-affair is personally conducted to a happy ending and the trip seems to have been profitable to all concerned. The love is fiction: the travel fact. The volume is named "Tour Two" after the title of that half of the party which slipped over the Alps into Italy. Sherman, French & Company.

Professor Frederic L. Paxson's brief history of "The Civil War,"—one of the latest volumes in the "Home University Library" (Henry Holt & Co.)—covers the period from the election of President Lincoln to the issuance of the amnesty proclamation by President Johnson in May, 1865. It is a succinct and rapid narrative of the chief events of those momentous years, impartial in its attitude and just in its conclusions. The author, who is Professor of American History in the University of Wisconsin, has been as painstaking in his researches as if he were engaged upon a far more voluminous work. He has a happy gift of selection which enables him to disregard the trivial and to decline to be led astray upon by-paths. It is through this elimination of the unim-

portant that he is able to make his sketch of both the political and the military history of the time so graphic and so satisfactory.

"Dramatists of To-day," by Edward Everett Hale, Jr., is not entirely a new book. In its first form it appeared in 1905, and discussed the work of Rostand, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Pinero, Bernard Shaw, Stephen Phillips, and Maeterlinck, with two chapters on Standards of Criticism, and Our Idea of Tragedy. The author calls his book an "informal discussion of the significant work of these dramatists." It is this and more. Time has proven it a reference book of value, an expression of a view-point sound and well worth considering. The present volume brings up to date the work of the dramatists concerned, adding the plays which have appeared in the last five years. Not bound too closely to dramatic and literary standards of the past, nor impelled by the necessity of seeming startlingly original in every utterance, Mr. Hale steers a middle course, and comprehends clearly the attitude of the average drama lover. Not too academic, and never commonplace, he presents standards of criticism which are ideal, but easily understood and applied. Henry Holt & Co.

"In Desert and Wilderness," by Henryk Sienkiewicz, is an adventure story, with an interest that does not flag from start to finish. The author's extraordinary descriptive powers are at their best, and the reader seems actually to live the scenes which are so skilfully depicted. Stas Tarkowski, a lad of fourteen, and Nell Rawlinson a girl of eight, children of an engineer and a director of the Suez Canal Company, were abducted by the dervishes at the time when Khartum fell. Their adventures in desert and wilderness, from captivity to freedom, comprise the entire story. Stas is a remarkable hero for these times; to the keenness of a modern youth is added the spirit of mediæval chivalry, and an unusual modesty. In the hands of any other author, Stas might seem a prig, but here his character is an integral part of situations strange as an old romance, yet made to seem probable and real. The characters of the story are indeed young people, but the appeal of the book is not limited to any age or condition. It is fascinating and stimulating. Little, Brown & Co.

Professor Thomas Nixon Carver's "The Religion Worth Having" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) is written from the point of view of a political economist rather than a theologian; and it regards religion less as a spiritual or supernatural force than as a motive which impels to useful effort and tends to increase productivity. The author defines reverence as an appreciation of the righteousness and beneficence of the universe of law, a recognition of natural law as divine law. The only kind of faith which ever removed mountains, he holds, is faith in the calculability of God's laws, and a willingness to venture out in obedience to them. The conception of the church militant to which his conclusions lead is "the Fellowship of the Productive Life"; and he preaches as a new crusade the task of rescuing the farms, the shops, the business affairs, and the governments of the world from the hands of the unproductive, which means the immoral, the un-Christian. He does not deny spiritual forces or relations, the communion of the human with the Divine, or the reality of the present and prevailing sense of the power of the endless life but the consideration of these does not fall within the scope of his brief discussion. His view is that righteousness and productiveness are synonymous, and it is the more prac-

tical, not to say more material aspect of what he presents as the religion worth having with which he chooses to deal. He writes freshly and pungently; and some of his illustrations and analogies are the more arresting for being drawn from every-day experience.

A drama found among the effects of Tolstoy after his death and called "The Light that Shines in Darkness" has been edited by Hagberg Wright for English-speaking readers. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) It is a piteous, tragic, beautiful thing, the fruit of those last despairing years of the famous Russian and largely autobiographical. The incidents not in Tolstoy's life are easily eliminated. Under the name of Nicholas Ivanovich Sarintsev and his wife, the author tells of his life-long struggle against an unsympathetic wife and sons. He wished to reserve a farm and about two hundred and fifty dollars a year, then give all else to the poor, obeying his own very literal, yet exceedingly modern from a theological point of view, interpretation of the Gospels. Nicholas converts the lover of his daughter to it—the young man is sent to an insane asylum; his priest—the poor fellow is imprisoned in a monastery and recants; his own son—the boy enters society and dances it out of his head. As a finale the mother of the first poor lad, driven mad by his woes and her own sorrowful life to which this is the culminating anguish, kills Nicholas; and he, dying, declares the murder an accident. The book is a closet drama. There is no movement to fit it for the stage; but it will remain the sorrowful confession of a great man in his disillusioned age.

A well-nigh incredible book is "An Open Letter to Society" from Convict 1776. The author declares that he has been sent to jail eight times and is "not yet thirty-five," then goes on, leaving out the rest of his history, to address to "Madame Society" a plea for a change of the whole theory of punishment. The brilliantly-written book shows erudition, the mastery of both dead and living images, a wide acquaintance with literature dealing with penal institutions. The reader stops and gasps—one term is dreamable for such a man—even two; but *eight!* The book, though written in bitterness, is fair and candid. It first attacks Lombroso and his "criminal classes" theory. Says the writer, "The fact is: all men are possible criminals, all criminals possible men"—a statement needing modification but certainly nearer sanity than Lombroso's work. He proceeds to attack the theory that a Judge can "guess" the relative lengths appropriate for the sentences of prisoners, giving striking instances of enormous differences of punishments for the same crime. He does not believe in indeterminate sentences, for he thinks that any variable sentence introduces politics into justice and that a "well-behaved" prisoner is merely a clever "boot-licker." He describes the ordinary prison wardens as a low, savage, brutalized, illiterate class; he calls on every prison visitor to justify his claim. The jail, he finally adds, is "a breeding place for crime" and the Reform School a source of immorality and soul-rotting influence. It is impossible to fill the minor positions in such schools with moral men. The remedies proposed are first sympathy (while the man is in jail and when he is trying to step back into his place in life), parole for specified periods, payment by the prisoner, while on parole, of the sum he has stolen and the money he has cost the state, education in nobler things, and elimination of graded punishments for second, third, and habitual offenders. Fleming H. Revell Company.